Maine Farmer.

RICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Agricultural Notices.

Fairs and Meetings to Occur.

[Will not secretaries of agricultural organizations please inform us of the time and place of holding their exhibitions and meetings, that our list of notices may be kept full and complete.]

MAINE POULTRY ASSOCIATION—Fourth Exhibition at Portland, Jan. 20—26, 1876.

EXHIBITION OF FARMERS' CLUBS—Harrison and Otisfield, Wednesday, Oct. 13th; Solon, at South Solon, Sept. 21.

ADDRESSES AT FAIRS—Kennebec, Z. A. Gilbert of East Turner; Androscoggin, D. H. Thing of Mt. Vernon; Maine State Fair, Hon. S. L. Goodale, of Saco, and Prof. C. H. Fernald of Maine State College; Maine Pomological Society. Hon. Geo. T. Davis of Portland.

MAINE STATE FAIR—Combined exhibition of State Agricultural, State Pomological, State Dairymen's and State Stock Breeders Societies at Presumpscot Park, Portland, Sept. 21—24. [Entries to Live Stock and Implements Classes, close Sept. 7th. Samuel Wasson, Sec'y, East Surry.]

NEW ENGLAND FAIR—In connection with the New Hampshire State Fair at Manchester, N. H., Sept. 7—10. For particulars address Col. Daniel Needham, Sec'y of the New England Agricultural Society, at the Boston Headquarters, No. 45 Milk St., corner of Devonshire St.; also to Col. Geo. W. Riddle, Treasurer, Manchester, N. H.; and to Aaron Young, esq., Sec'y New Hampshire State Society, Portsmouth, N. H.

COUNTY EXHIBITIONS—Androscoggin, Lewiston, Oct. 5—7; Oxford, South Paris, Oct. 5—8; Western Hancock, Bucksport, Oct. 6—8; North Franklin, Phillips, Sept. 29—30; Waldo, Belfast, Oct. 11—13; Sagadahoc, Topsham, Oct. 12—14; Lincoln, Waldoboro', Oct. 12—14; Aroostook, Houlton, Sept. 23—24; Cumberland County, West Cumberland, Oct. 5—7; Washington, Pembroke, Sept. 29—30; Western Piscataquis, Monson, Sept. 29—30; Somerset Central, Skowhegan, Sept. 29—30; West Oxford, Fryeburg, Oct. 12—14; Kennebec, Readfield, Oct. 5—7; Franklin Central, Strong, Oct. 15—13; North Knox, South Hope, Oct. 5—7; Knox, Thomaston, Sept. 28—30.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY—Regular Meetings of Granges—Dirigo, Brunswick, Saturday evenings; Eastern Star, Hampden, Tuesday evenings; Forest, Lee, Saturday evenings; Golden Harvest, Carmel, Wednesday evenings; Northern Light, Winterport, Thursday evenings; Naples, first Friday ev'ng in each month; Queen City, Bangor, Saturday ev'ngs; Rising Sun, East Knox, Saturday evenings; Somerset, South Norridgewock, Tuesday evenings; Victor, Fairfield Center, Thursday evenings; Harvest Moon, Thorndike, Wednesday afternoons; Mystic Tie, Kenduskeag, Saturday evenings; Home, Brooks, Tuesday evenings at 6½ o'clock.

Where are our Boys?

Much has been said in the agricultural press of late about young men leaving the farm, and many speculations have been engaged in as to its cause, the result upon our agriculture, and the remedy to be provided. Some of the statements are indeed quite startling, and would give the impression that all through the older parts of our State the young men have gone away and the farms left to the care of the old man and hired (generally foreign) help. Now we are writing this from one of the best agricultural sections of Maine—the very heart of Somerset county—the valley region of the Kennebec river, where are extensive intervals, fine farms, good buildings and an intelligent, thriving population. And how is it here? On this valley road within the distance of a few miles, seventeen young men who are natives of these farms and were reared here, are now in California, Colorado or Nevada. The older ones left to seek their fortune, and as the younger ones grew up, they also followed. But to their credit, and to the credit of the section from which they went, be it said, they are without exception, active, honorable and successful business men, engaged in extensive enterprises, and giving to New America their best years and their best service. The progressive advancement of western civilization demanded their services, and the services of others equally as efficient, and they answered the demand. When the question is asked, where are our young men, and what are they doing? we must point to California, to the West, to the mines of the Sierra Nevadas, and say: "Here are our young men; look you at what they have done; see our cities, our developed mines, our herds and flocks, our vineyards, our subdued and productive country, our civilization—this is what Maine boys and New England boys have done." And thinking of this, of the part our boys have had in this New World, shall we say they have not done well? They are among the heroes and pioneers of a fresh civilization which is to assume greater importance as the years go on; and would we have them back on these old farms? Is not the West of greater material importance to the world than the East? And have not our boys carried with them to the West that integrity and principle, that solid character and business energy which has given the West, with its material development, our New England principles that have been of vastly more importance than any thing else? And while we would like to have had these young men remain on the farms of Maine, when we look at the part they have taken in the peopling and the progress of our new West, would we say we are sorry they are there?

But notwithstanding this, these fine farms must not be abandoned, the agriculture of Maine must yet be the sheet-anchor of its prosperity, and its future must not suffer because the West had to be peopled. Already one or two significant facts point out the future course things will take in this direction. Standing alone they may not seem of much force, but taken in connection with other events, they show plainly the other part of the great plan of which only one part has heretofore been examined. One of the first graduates of the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, has purchased one of the best farms in this section from which so many young men have gone. He is to make farming in Maine his business. Is it too much to expect that others will do the same? Again: our cities have been overcrowded. Men and women have flocked thither from the country to seek a livelihood in some other way than tilling the soil. These paths of business have proved unsuccessful, and smash ups, failures and bankrupts have been the results. It is these things that are to open the eyes of sensible persons to the security and safety of farming as a business. They are coming from the cities to own and till the farms which our young men left, when they went to the new fields of the great but now subdued West. They will engage in farming with a zeal and interest which farm-bred boys never knew, and the result can but be personally satisfactory, and conducive to the prosperity of the State. New families will occupy our old homesteads, and happy children play in the school yards from whence went out the pioneers of western life. This will complete the great plan of Nature which comprehended the settlement of America as the home of liberty and freedom; the building up of our great cities, which are so important a part in the worlds traffic, and the final cultivation of the soil as the first and only true and rational means of obtaining a livelihood, and contributing to the prosperity and stability of the Nations.

House Building.

Starting off recently on a few days' tramp in the country, where the nights might bring us into unfrequented places, to stop in taverns not well supplied with the latest issues of the daily press—we stuffed into an already over-crowded sachel a book to read. Not a novel, nor an essay on fertilizers, but a book on architecture. We knew from its title, "Houses and How to Make Them," that it would not be cumbered with details about masonry and carpenters specifications; and from its quaint vignettes we judged it might contain some good streaks of genuine fun. We were not disappointed. The best novel could not be more entertaining, the most profound treatise on the science of life could hardly have contained more wisdom. In the form of a series of letters between an architect and a man who is to build a house, the author, Mr. E. C. Gardner, says a good many good things himself, and puts a good many other good things into the letters of his friends—for in addition to Mr. John (who is to build the house) Mr. John's wife and sister and children all have something to say. And they know a good deal about house-building after all. The women folks generally have good ideas about the arrangement of the domestic part of a dwelling, and one of the most convenient houses to do work in we have ever seen was planned by a woman who knew herself just what she was about. The pantry and store room were situated just a step from the sink, the one on the rignt and the other at the left hand; the stove was but two or three steps from the sink, the cellar stairs close at hand, and extra shelves and tables which could be fastened up or dropped down against the wall at pleasure, were put just where they would do the most good. We were satisfied after looking at this house, that if women were not consulted in any thing else, they should certainly have their "say" about a house in which they were to do, or see to doing their own work. And Mr. Gardiner does well in making Sister Jane write as sensibly as she does about kitchens and their appertenances. It is a matter that is often too much overlooked by those who are to build, and also by those who are to live in the house after it is built. Parlors are unnecessary; the living room should be large and cheerful; the chambers should be well ventilated and admit the sunlight to every part; the library may be omitted altogether or placed in the coldest part of the house, and the front hall should be large and light—but the kitchen, where the machinery of the establishment is to be placed, should be so planned as to save steps, facilitate work and afford some pretty out-door views. Indeed, a few pictures on the walls would not be out of place, and we would rather have them there, then in the parlor where they would seldom be seen. All through his book Mr. Gardiner gives very sensible advice about carpets, wall paper, the means of heating, furniture, roofs, foundations, and other details essential to be known in house building, and in so pleasant a way that one who takes up his book will be sure to read it to the end. In doing so he will be both amused and instructed, and will gain a good deal of information that will be of service to him in many ways. We know of one young lady who recently read the book all through, and thought it was a story! And it is; only it is so true and practical, and conveys such a lot of useful knowledge that we wish it might be read by every young lady in the land, and man too, who ever thinks of having a house of their own. Its attractive form and pretty outside, renders it an appropriate volume for the table, and we hope it may be widely read throughout the country, as we are sure its reading will work a needed reform in the planing, and building of our houses.

The Strength of Insects.

Marvelous stories have been told of the great strength of certain kinds of insects and the great weight some will carry; but many of these have been so wonderful as to be almost past belief. The most accurate experiments undertaken to test their strength to a certainty, seem to have been those lately made by an ingenious Belgian naturalist named Plateau. He first tested their power of raising weights while walking on a level surface. His novel method of doing this was to harness the insects by a horizontal thread running over an easily-moving pulley, at the other end of which was attached a scale pan for holding sand. To keep the insect in a straight direction, he fenced it in between two parallel strips of glass; and to keep it from slipping, he covered its track with coarse muslin. As the insect moved forward, it pulled the thread over the pulley and raised the pan, and the experimenter poured sand into it until the insect could move no longer. The insect and the sand it had raised were then weighed, and the relation between the weight of the two was obtained. He found that the insect could raise forty times its own weight; while by a similar method man could raise only five-sixths of his weight, and a horse only one half or two-thirds of his. By repeating each experiment three times and employing a vast number of insects of various sizes, and comparing his results, he came to the conclusion that the smaller insects in the same group invariably raise the greater weight in proportion to their own weight.

Additional List of Maine 2.30 Horses.

The result of the grand stallion race at the Presumpscot Park, Portland, will have passed into turf history before this meets the eye of the readers of the FARMER. Such a field of horses with fast record never came together in Maine before; and the fact that they were all bred within the limits of the State, and can nearly all, if not all, beat 2.30, speaks well for the State as a nursery of trotters. And this calls to mind the fact this year, up to date, there have been eight additions to the list of Maine 2.30 horses—a thing unparalleled in the history of the turf. Their names and record are as follows, viz.: Honest Harry, 2.25; Arthur, 2.28 1-4; Ned Forrest, 2.28 1-4; Nelly Walton, 2.28 1-2; Jas. G. Blaine, 2.28 3-4; John Virgin, 2.29; Lothair, 2.29 1-2; Bully Brooks, 2.30.

The unfortunate death of the "Champion of Maine," Camors, last fall, with a record of 2.19 3-4, is more than made up by the brilliant exploit of Lady Maud, also by Gen. Knox, who beat such flyers as Judge Fullerton and Nettie, in three straight heats, at Buffalo, in one of the fastest races ever trotted, viz.:—2.18 1-4, 2.19 1-2, 2.18 3-4. Who shall say after this that Maine is not in the front rank as a producer of fine horses?

A Wrong Impression Corrected.

We find many farmers through the State have a very imperfect idea of the character and aims of the State College, and of the studies there pursued. They seem to think nothing is taught there but farming, and expect that its graduates and students, when they go to farming for themselves, will make a complete revolution in the business, and farm it in some new and strange and advanced manner. If they do not, it would not be strange if some of these old farmers should be disappointed and dissatisfied. But they should find out somehow, as soon as possible, that farming is not the only branch there taught, and that its graduates will not be likely to farm in any different manner from the best of those already engaged in the business. The main object of the college is to give our young men from the industrial classes a thorough liberal education, to furnish it at a moderate expense, and to carry out as fully as possible the provisions of the National grant, by not excluding the usual studies pursued at our older colleges, but to give particular attention to those branches more closely related to agriculture and the mechanic arts; or in other words, to educate with reference to the farm and productive industrial pursuits, rather than away from them. So that the graduates from this college, instead of being perfect farmers, will be simply well educated young men—educated especially in reference to those branches of science which have a direct and practical application to agriculture and the useful arts. And it is education, and educated or skilled labor, which is to win the greatest successes and the largest profits in the future of our country, and an educated farmer will certainly have greater chances of success and profit in his business, than one not educated.

Therefore let us understand, once for all, that the great aim of this college is to educate the young men of Maine at a low rate—the young men from our farms and shops—and to educate them with a direct reference to their engaging in farming or entering some one of the many industrial pursuits in life. This is its chief object. When our young men obtain this education we are sure they will make better farmers, better mechanics, better citizens; and the college will most appropriately have fulfilled its mission, when it shall have accomplished this, even if it does nothing more.

Water Power and Steam Power.

The *American Agriculturist* says the original cost of the most expensive system of water-powers, such as are used at Lowell, Mass., and at the water-works at Philadelphia, varies from $100 to $200 per horse-power. This includes canals, dams, and costly turbine wheels. For wooden dams, and overshot or lower grade iron wheels, the cost would not exceed $50 per horse-power. Steam-powers, inclusive of engine-houses and foundations for 100 horse-powers, cost about $300 per horse-power, and for 300 horse-powers and upwards from $115 to $150 per horse-power. But in operation the cost of water-power is from one-fourth to one-tenth that of steam-power, with coal not over $6 per ton.

American Pomological Society.

Great preparations are being made for the fifteenth biennial session of the American Pomological Society, which takes place at Chicago on the 8—10 of the present month. The eastern delegates will leave Boston on Monday next, and we trust a goodly number of New England men will be on hand ready for the start. Round trip tickets from Boston and return, may be had for $30, good for twenty days.

Editorial Notes.

It is very unusual that the freshness and beauty of the country is retained to the last days of summer with so much vigor as during the present season. Our scorching suns have generally by this time browned the fields, and the forests have began to put on a ripening tinge of foliage, indicative of the crimson and gold with which, later on they will have decked themselves. But now there is a deep rich green to field and leaf, a wonderful holding out of the active forces of spring time, which gives the country a clean, healthy appearance—a freshness most unwonted for the season. The cool nights are thoroughly enjoyable, and the heat is not oppressive, while river and forest, mountain and field, unite in giving beauty to the country, and forming the most perfect landscape ever witnessed. Dwellers in the country are at the height of their enjoyment, the farmer looks at the rich fall feed with satisfaction, and the abundant harvests give cause for general rejoicing.

From quite extensive personal observation in different parts of the State, we are satisfied the corn crop, which in many sections is occupying more breadth of land than for two or three years since, is to give a large yield. It has been reported as late and backward, but the last month, with its twenty-four hours of growing weather per day (for crops do not stop to rest at night) has done wonders for it, and the growth of all fields we have seen during the past two weeks, in the course of extensive travels, is stout; while in the majority of cases, it is well eared out, giving promise, unless an early frost intervenes, of a large crop.

So soon as this, a correspondent of the FARMER, sends us a lecture for allowing a query to appear in the last issue of our journal, which he deems personal and calculated to do injury to him and his business. We protest that he is unfair, and beg he will again read the note carefully before charging us with conspiring to wage a warfare against him. The query came from a gentleman of high character, and we know of no reason why it should not be made public. In the management of the FARMER, we know no other aim than the public good, and it is ever a study how we may best serve all our patrons. Not all think alike on such questions, for instance, as the different breeds of cattle—and if we can draw out the opinions of good men on the subject by giving place to any query upon this matter, or any other subject, we shall most cheerfully do so. We are not pledged to the support or advancement of any particular breed of cattle, horses or sheep; and so long as sensible men have different opinions on these subjects, we wish them to understand our columns are at their service for the purpose of discussing their merits, as they may deem best; even though they are invited to do so through queries which may at first seem uncalled for.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

On Plowing New Land.

I think I can point out some of the errors commonly made in plowing rough, rooty land. Many think when they are to plow a piece of new land for the first time, they must have a team of six or eight oxen and a big plow. In this way, frequently, the sward is only pressed apart and *not* turned over. One of my neighbors had a piece of this kind of land to be cleared, and expected to pay sixteen dollars per acre for breaking it with a big team; but finally concluded to use a small team. He hired a man and team by the day, and the breaking of it only cost $3.75 an acre. He hired the stone picked up, and the land worked ready for seeding. The first crop paid all the expenses and six dollars over. Another of my neighbors in breaking such a piece, put on six heavy oxen, and a big plow. The first crop he took off was potatoes; and on fifteen acres of land, he raised sixty-nine bushels of merchantable potatoes. The next crop was oats, and he raised only a little more than the seed. This year he has sown it with grass seed, and hopes to get something from it. Another person plowed a piece that was covered with bushes and ferns, with a big team, and sowed six or seven bushels of oats on the land, and raised only two bushels.

In plowing, it is much easier to turn over a small sod than it is a large one, and a sod four inches deep, is as good to rot, as one a foot deep; besides, where there are roots, you can handle a small sod much easier than a large one, and a harrow tears it in pieces better. When there are large roots, a man with an axe and a pick-axe to dig the roots out, and cut them in pieces, will do about as much good as four persons. To work the land ready for seeding, after the sod is rotted, plow across the piece a little deeper than the first time. If not deep enough, then plow again the same way as the first, but a little deeper still. Three or four plowings with the necessary harrowings will generally rot and work land enough for sowing, and the cost is only a little more than for *breaking* with a big team.

PRACTICAL FARMER.

For the Maine Farmer.

One Word More.

In this world, in order that much may be accomplished, influence, of course is necessary. Possessing but a small share of that, if indeed any, what I say will do but little toward bringing about a reformation, when thousands are against me. Nor did I expect such a thing when I commenced writing against the Patrons of Husbandry. However, this was no reason why I should express, if I wanted to, my opinion in regard to the "order." I knew I should find plenty of opposition; and expected nothing else; but I didn't care for this, and do not to-day. I am aware that a large portion of the people of the world are wedded to the belief that secret societies are necessary and essential to the well-being, of civilized and social humanity. But I have never believed such nonsense, and trust I never shall, until I have good evidence to do so. And when I say that secrecy is not necessary to the maintenance of social life, I confine myself to secret "organizations."

I have nothing to do in this case, with the so-called secrets of the church, or with "family privacies;" neither have I anything to say as to why the Almighty doesn't "Lift the veil of the future," as one has said. This is going altogether too far from the real question, as I look at it. What I have said, thus far, about secret societies, was not intended to lead to the discussion of these distantly related subjects.

I appreciate the manly opposition of Mr. Smith of Denmark, much more than I do that of "Patron," whose object it is, to speak and yet not to be known. Mr. Smith, said, "I can see no harm if farmer's can buy their supplies twenty-five per cent. less than formally." Neither can I, if they can do so, and go to work right to do it. But I cannot regard it in this light. But I will stop now. In the proper place, I think I could demonstrate to any intelligent man, the *utter uselessness* of secrecy in organizations. But an Agricultural paper isn't the place for this discussion, is it, Mr. Editor?

South Bridgton. A. P. REED.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Other Side of the Horse Question.

"Subscriber" in FARMER No. 36, writes of the future "brilliant prospect" of Newport, because of the trotting capacity of its horses. Let me ask how many of these trotters that can measure a mile in 2:50, 2:35, 2:25 1-4, can walk a four mile gait, or handle a one-horse mower, or "strong" a ton of farm produce up hill and down? How many of them can the good wife harness, take in the butter and eggs, and start for market, with any more safety than they could have gone up in Donaldson's balloon? How many of those "brilliant prospect" horses have a *home* "record" as family horses? How many have won laurels upon the turf of the farm, or how many have "capacity" for farm labor, or have ever "manifested" a kind disposition for such worthy employment?

This mania for speed—this appraisal of the horse, solely by how quickly it can "go" is giving us horses fit only to "go," and "go it quick," provided there is a smooth road, and *light weight*. All of the breeding, feeding, and training is in the direction of speed, and yet, to-day, forty thousand stout, heavy, but not speedy horses, are wanted to work farms in the State. Who will heed the call and answer the demand?

WORK HORSE.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Word About Committees.

I think very many stock breeders most readily indorse the sentiments expressed by Dr. North, under the caption of "Judging at Fairs," in a late issue of your paper. I do not recollect that I ever attended a fair where the evils noticed by Dr. North were not plainly visible. And I think with him that a remedy is called for, and is plainly pointed out by him. No person should be appointed to judge on the comparative merits of stock, or any thing else offered in competition at our fairs, who is not competant to judge understandingly.

By looking over the list of committees for the next State Fair, I think the managers have also seen these evils and exercised more care than usual in making up the committees, and I most ardently hope those having the management of the county fairs will see the importance of exercising their judgment in selecting persons capable of judging correctly of whatever is presented for their inspection, and make the awards without *fear* or *favor*. When this is done one prolific source of dissatisfaction will be remedied.

N. R. PIKE.

Winthrop.

For the Maine Farmer.

Waste of Manure.

There is a great waste of manure, in not saving the liquid portion, but the *greatest* waste, is in letting our sheep and cattle run on land, which we do not cultivate. There is land enough in our pastures now laying waste, which if cultivated would produce double the feed, which it does now. I have had fifty years experience in cultivating pastures, and I estimate that the manure made in summer, in the pastures, is double that made by the same cattle in winter. Moveable sheds in sheep pastures, save a large amount of manure. Forty dollars will furnish sheds for one hundred sheep, allowing one shed for twenty-five sheep; and each year the value of the manure saved, will pay for the sheds. The want of manure is a source of much trouble to many farmers in Maine, but if you can get *grass*, you can get *manure*, and the less surface you can get the grass to grow on, the more manure you will have; and the way to get grass to grow on a *small* surface, is to plow, manure, and re-seed.

W. A.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Correction.

The article of O. H. Leavitt in the FARMER of Aug. 7, regarding my articles on the "Farmer's Ailment" reminds me of a duty long neglected, of correcting an important error in the last number, where I am made to say, "I hope there is sufficient sense in the community to stamp the life of these contemptible *swindlers*," I wrote "swindles." It will be seen that by the insertion of just one letter, the whole thing is made to assume an entirely different aspect. Now I beg the public to believe that, though I am quite savage on ideas, I entertain no mortal hatred towards any living being. I would like also for the public to know that the suppression, by the printer, of several sentences and parts of sentences in that last article, renders the sense in several instances quite weak and obscure. It is unpleasant to make corrections, more so, I presume, for the publishers of a paper to insert them. On this account I generally let them go, so I beg the public, when they see anything in my communications particularly foolish or homicidal, to believe that there is "some mistake somewhere." ALBERT PEASE.

Grass Dale, Salem.

For the Maine Farmer.

Close-Time of State Fair Entries.

Learning that the advertised close-time of entries for the State Fair is variously misunderstood, let me say to those interested that entries of *all* live stock, including horses, except trotters, not made on or before Tuesday, Sept. 7th, will be excluded from the Catalogue, which is being prepared as fast as entries are received; for the "copy" must go to the printer the 8th, to insure publication before the opening of the exhibition the 21st. In entries of thoroughbred animals, I want the name and Herd Book No. of sire and dam, as well as of the entry itself. Hurry up your entries, thus giving time to classify and catalogve them.

Visitor's tickets at the State Fair will be valid the day of their date only. Special prizes of $50 and $25 are offered for the first and second best display of photographs.

East Surry. S. WASSON, Secretary.

For the Maine Farmer.

Strawberries and Cranberries.

Information Wanted.

Through the columns of the FARMER we wish to ask and receive information relative to the above berries, from those who have cultivated them in past years, or who are at present cultivating them, as to the best modes found of starting plantations, systems of culture and information obtained by experience.—We think of putting out a small plot of each, this autumn, and desire the latest facts to aid and guide us. Also we would like the address of those having plants of the "Wilson's Albany" strawberry, or other good kinds fit for setting, and of successful cranberry growers. We doubt not such information as above asked for, will benefit many others beside ourself.

Brooks. J. W. LANG.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Farm of John W. Allen, Bowdoinham.

Mr. Allen has a fine farm on what is known as Bowdoinham Ridge, containing about one hundred acres with a good set of farm buildings. This is one of the best hay farms in that vicinity. Mr. Allen showed me over his fields and it is hard to find two such handsome mowing fields as he has. He has recently been putting in a number of underdrains, and his crops of all kinds look finely. He has a field of corn that reminds one of old times when we used to raise our own corn in Maine. Mr. Allen, like many others in this neighborhood, has formerly followed the sea, but two years ago he bought his farm and is succeeding admirably in his new vocation of farming.

J. P. C.

Crops in Newport.

The hay crop in this vicinity is much above the average yield; many farmers cutting from one-third to one-half more than they have for any season preceding for the last five or six. The grain crop is quite heavy also; many fine fields of grain are to be seen in and about this town, Mr. Sewall Pratt a very energetic and extensive farmer, living at Wedgewood's Corner in this town, recently told me that he had been haying four weeks and had got two or three days work more before he could finish, and leaves a number of acres uncut at that. Who will say that farming in Maine does not pay? Looking around among our thrifty farmers like the above named gentleman, I feel like quoting from your correspondent J. P. Clark, "I almost wonder that everyone does not go to farming." SUBSCRIBER.

Newport, Aug. 23.

Query about Growing Pines.

I have several acres of sandy land which produces almost nothing, and upon which I would like to start a growth of pine. Can any one inform me through the columns of the FARMER, how I can best accomplish my object? Is it better to set out trees or plant seed, and if the later, where can the seed be obtained, and what is the best time of the year to plant it, etc.? Also how can I induce a growth of ash? Any one who has had experience in this business would do a great favor by enlightning me.

Winslow. A SUBSCRIBER.

Wild Cherry Trees.

These are growing, on various parts of my farm, several hundred trees of the small red "bird-cherry," and I believe I can do better with them than to cut them down or to let them stand in their natural condition, leaving them poor worthless fruit and affecting the farm only by serving as nurseries for caterpillars. These trees will make good stocks for scions of valuable varieties, and if the grafts succeed well, we shall have lots of cherries to market, give away or eat, according to circumstances. It seems hardly possible that they will fail to pay the small cost of grafting. Have any of your readers had experience with the Red Jacket Cherry? It is a very large kind and said by the books to be profitable for market.

BRIER.

Weight of Poultry.

Thinking the weight of the following birds from my poultry yards might be of sufficient interest to warrant publication, I note as follows: One Light Brahma cock, hatched May, 1874, in thin flesh, weighs 13 1-2 lbs.; one Plymouth Rock cock, hatched May, 1874, 11 lbs.; one trio of Light Brahma chicks, hatched May 8th, 1875, three and one-half months old, cockerel 5 lbs., 2 pullets 4 1-4 lbs., total, 13 1-4 lbs; Plymouth Rock cockerels two mos. and twenty days old, weighed 4 lbs. These were weighed from the roost last night.

G. M. TWITCHELL.

Fairfield, Aug. 24.

The Whittier Horse—Pedigree Wanted.

Can any of the readers of the FARMER, posted on matters of Maine horse history, give me any information concerning a stallion known as the Whittier horse, which, 12 or 16 years ago stood at Belgrade? If his pedigree is known, will they not please send it through the FARMER. Was the horse a Messenger, or did he possess Messenger blood? READER.

Farm News, Notes, and Queries.

Can any of your readers give a receipt for making a cement from blue clay and coarse gravel or sand? S. S. M.

Bath.

The fall term of the State College commenced on Thursday last, with a Freshman class of thirty-eight.

The twenty-fifth exhibition of the West Oxford Agricultural Society, takes place at Fryeburg, Oct. 12th, 14th; the last day of which will be mainly taken up with brief addresses upon agricultural subjects by prominent speakers.

Woman's Department.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knees,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But is it blessedness? A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine until it slips away,
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

For the Woman's Department.

A Word for Teachers.

I read with pleasure the opinions of my sisters on the various domestic articles, pretty babies, &c., that fill up the Woman's Department; but I am neither wife nor mother, so do not like to give my opinion on any of them. But I am a teacher—just a common country school teacher, and am going to try and write a few lines for my fellow laborers.

I have had six year's experience, and during that time I left no book unstudied, no questions unasked, indeed, I may say I left nothing undone that would in any way help me to be a good, successful teacher. But for all that I came very far short of what I had hoped to do. My fellow teachers, I can feel for you in all your troubles, and also in your joys. Forgive me if I say any thing that does not agree with your ideas, and please let me know it.

We all know we must like teaching—yes *love* it, and children too, not a pretended, but a real love, if we would be successful. I have heard some say they did not like children or teaching either. Excuse me when I tell you that you cannot be a good teacher, and had better give it up at once. You are not only taking money that you do not earn, but disgracing the profession. Of course order is the first thing, and to secure that we must treat the children with all love and affection. Yet with great firmness, not as some suppose with sternness and punishment. I know that punishment in various ways is often required, as depriving of recess, keeping after school, &c., and not in such brutal ways as pulling ears, standing on the floor for hours, whipping and so on. And here let me speak from experience, and close observance, that the more whipping is done, the poorer the order. Only about one child in fifty ever needs it at all, and then very seldom if it is done right. Perhaps I should not say it, but I firmly believe that there is not one disorderly, troublesome child in a hundred, that the fault is not all in the teacher.

The first and most essential thing for keeping order is, for a teacher to have full confidence in herself, not to have the slightest fear but what she will succeed. Not as I have known some teachers do—lay down a lot of rules, telling the children they must be obeyed, when perhaps they would never have thought of breaking one of them during the whole term, if they had not been treated at first as if they were little rebels and had to be driven, not led. Perhaps I am writing too harshly, but I have been so pained at the contrast between schools that have a kind, loving, faithful teacher, where everything goes on pleasantly and prosperously and so little punishment, to those that have irritable, careless ones, where all is disorder, very little progress, and continual punishment. I know it is hard, always to get along smoothly, but the greatest help for doing so is prayer. Pray much for your school, pray that you may be patient and be successful in teaching and keeping order. Always before leaving for your school in the morning pray especially for your school. Yes, pray morning, noon and night, and try hard yourself, and God will help you to succeed. L. M.

Nova Scotia.

For the Woman's Department.

A Reply to "Farmer's Wife."

A Last Word about Female Suffrage.

You ask, "who is going to take care of the children and do the washing, if we are going to vote?" as town meeting most always comes on Monday. I will ask you what material difference could it possibly make, if the washing were put off for once until Tuesday? The talk about neglected households is purely nonsense. What if we spend the half hour in voting, that we spend so often in making calls? And then we are told John Chinaman is coming and he is said to be an excellent cook, I for one would much prefer driving to the place for voting with my husband, and leave John to cook the dinners through July and August over a hot stove in the kitchen, where the thermometer stands at 90°. The most some men think about is what they eat, and of course such a man as that would not wish his wife to vote. I often have it said to me "women will be insulted at the polls." Justice John G. Crane of Penn Yan, New York, says "that over three hundred women, many of them the most refined and accomplished, last spring worked all day at the polls encouraging the men to vote for temperance." They were treated with the utmost respect, and they might with equal propriety have voted. In Colorado last fall where two candidates for delegates to Congress, were before the people, the one a favorite of the moral, order loving citizens, the other of the lower class—women rallied their friends, and many voted, though opposed to the ballot. The man in favor of liquor was heard to remark: "These women are defeating us." The seperated count proved that the women had defeated whiskey.

I would like for "Farmer's Wife" to answer me this question:—Why we as taxpayers, should be debared from having a voice in the manner of the expenditure of the tax imposed? It is a principal we inherited from our forefathers that taxation without representation is oppression. Give woman the ballot, and she will be a better companion for her husband. She must read and inform herself that she may know the principles of the person she is to vote for. We feel that this great and good cause is in the hands of an All-wise God, that the welfare of our Republic demands it, and that at last we shall gain the victory.

West Enfield. CLARA.

Household Hints.

POISONING BY PLANTS AND INSECTS. A standing antidote for poison by oak, ivy, &c., is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve it in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases. Poison from bees, hornets, spider bites, &c., is instantly arrested by the application of equal parts of common salt and bicarbonate of soda, well rubbed in on the place bitten or stung.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

APPLE FLOAT. One pint of apples strained, the whites of three eggs, a teacupful of thick cream, sugar enough to sweeten; beat all very light, pour one quart of milk in a glass bowl, add a gill of Maderia wine, pile the float upon the milk, and trim with bright colored jelly on the top.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Oleo-Margarine Cheese and Butter.

It is about two years since the preparation of tallow, known as oleo-margarine, was brought to the public notice, and offered for sale as butter. Then the *American Agriculturist* took strong grounds against it as a fraud upon the consumers of butter, and a dangerous thing for dairymen to touch, and advised dairymen, produce dealers, and consumers to avoid it. Since then this stuff has been largely used to mingle with skim-milk for the manufacture of cheese, and some dairymen have unfortunately been led into the most surprising advocacy of this adulturation by officers of the Dairymen's Association and a University Professor, to enter into the manufacture of this fraudulent article. As pointed out two years ago, and often since, the public refuse to eat this trash; the markets are consequently overstocked with it, and prices for genuine cheese are borne down by the pressure of the unsalable adulterated article. The wholesale produce dealers are now very bitter against the "oleo-margarine," and many manufacturers doubtless feel equally bitter against those who induced them to make the unsalable cheese. The verdict of the public, however, will be, "served them right," for those who undertake to adulterate food, and those who encourage the attempts to do it, are both deserving of censure, which the public will not be slow to inflict upon the delinquents. In selfdefence those factory men, who make genuine butter or "full cream" cheese, should take means to prevent this unfair and injurious competition, by procuring the passage of a law to prevent the sale of adulterated cheese or butter, except it be conspicuously branded, and represented openly as what it really is, a mixture of milk with beef-tallow, cotton-seed oil, horse-fat, or whatever other ingredient may be used in the adulteration. —*American Agriculturist.*

The "Grange."

"The solid corner stone of our Order must be mutual trust, mutual sympathy and mutual helpfulness. We must know each other better and trust each other more."

The above is an extract from an address by Chas. E. Barney, delivered before the Farmers' Association of Illinois, in January last on the "True Aims and Objects of the Order." It has the ring of the true metal. It contains the pith and essence of the whole thing. It breathes a doctrine exactly opposite to sordid selfishness and distrust. This coldhearted selfishness had well nigh wrought our ruin. The Grange organization, in its true aims and purposes, is well calculated to correct the evil, restore and build up confidence in each other, without which the whole thing is a failure. Without a mutual trust there can be no successful co-operation. To be sure we must be guided by sound business principles. No amount of confidence should cause us to dispense with this, because it is just as indispensible as the other. The two things must therefore be taken together—they are both fundamental. The great trouble is, that selfishness is so constantly asserting itself in some form or other, that confidence becomes wary and does not take hold or fully yield its assent. Selfishness is afraid that somebody will gain something that they are not entitled to, or that it cannot enjoy to as full an extent as any other, all that may be gained, whether by merit or otherwise entitled or not. This renders the selfish person unhappy, morose and sullen, and ready to find fault with everybody and everything. Such men are usually ambitious. They want notoriety, fame, position, self aggrandizement and leadership; and they are impatient and restive when any obstacle is thrown in the way of their ambition.—T. R. ALLEN, *Master Missouri State Grange.*

Lincoln Sheep.

The old Lincoln, which is probably now extinct, was an ungainly animal, with long, thin body, coarse bone, pot-belly, and razor-back; slow to mature, producing coarse-grained flesh. In those days they were prized only for the beautiful lustre of their wool, which lustre, it was found, was partly owing to the climate, as Lincolns brought from Lincolnshire partly lost their lustre, while other breeds taken into the country acquired it to some degree. It is doubtful if there be a pure Lincoln now in existence, the breed having been immensely improved fifty years ago by crossing with the Bakewell Leicester. By this means, a breed was obtained of better proportions, quicker to mature, and producing mutton of better quality. About the same time, the Bakewell Leicesters were used to cross the Cotswolds. They are wooly between the eyes and smooth below the knees.

Comparing the three breeds together, the Lincoln will average the most wool, and of the best quality; a fair average for a flock being eight and a-half pounds, against the Cotswold's eight pounds, and the Leicester's seven pounds. At fourteen months old, the Leicester will weigh 126 to 140 pounds; the Cotswold 168 to 182 pounds; and the Lincolns, 120 to 140 pounds. The Lincolns are not usually fit for the butcher at that age, they being generally kept until they are 22 to 28 months old, when they will weigh 32 to 40 pounds per quarter, and will have given another fleece of from 10 to 15 pounds of washed wool.—*Canada Farmer.*

Mistaken Policy.

Many farmers entertain the opinion that a cow gives the largest yield of milk when she is poor in flesh, in low condition, and this, we suppose, explains the reason why we see so many wretched, poor and half-starved cows coming out of the barns of this country every spring. But a more careful observation of points connected with the condition of the cow will invariable show that this cannot possibly be the case—that if the condition is low, the system emaciated, the yield of milk is of necessity comparatively small, that is, small to what any particular cow would be capable of yielding on the same food were she in better condition; and if the yield is large in quantity it will be poor in quality, because much of the food which should go to yield milk will necessarily be drawn upon by the animal to maintain its bodily condition. This point has too often been overlooked in considering the true economy of dairy management.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Layering Shrubs.

The *New England Farmer* describes a mode by which such shrubs as the tree pœony and the white moss-rose, which are slow and difficult to procure by rooted layers, may be rapidly increased—"more plants being produced in a single season than in ten years by the old common method." It consists, not in bending down and layering single branches, with a portion in the soil, but by bending down and covering the whole plant alike to a depth of an inch and a half. The explanation is that by this mode, all the buds receive a like impulse to throw out roots; while if a portion only are covered, the vigor of the plant is drawn away in another direction. The shallow covering does not prevent growth.

Garden upon the Housetop.

Lately we were invited with a friend to visit a garden upon the housetop, in Temple Place, Boston, where was a large aviary well-furnished with many beautiful and rare birds of different species, with ample room to fly about and enjoy themselves. The garden covers an area, we should say, some 90 feet in length and 30 or more in breadth. Here are grown a large number of elegant floral and ornamental plants and delicious vegtables, all in fine condition. More than one has our table been furnished with boquets from Miss Stevens's beautiful parterre. We know of persons in the rural section with plenty of ground that hardly cultivate a plant or a flower. Will not such take a hint?—*Boston Cultivator.*

Mules and Horses.

Mules on an average are more valuable than horses, are more easily raised, are not so subject to disease, are not likely to run away in wagoning and ploughing, are longer lived, will do more work and require less feed and attention; they are stronger, will draw heavier loads and stand a great deal more hardship, and are in every way preferable to the horse for general farm use. Mules come in earlier, being ready for light work when three years old. They will then do enough work on the farm to pay for their feed, and after having attained the age of four years, they are ready for any kind of service. But the horse (colt) must be kept until he is four years old before he is worked at all, and when he is four he must be a first rate colt to bring as much as the mule will at two years old. But assume the animals are both required for farm work, see what a difference there is in favor of the mule. The working life of the mule can be safely estimated at thirty years, and that of the horse at ten years. So while a mule is working its life out, three horses will be required to do equal service. But these are not the only items. The saving of feed is at least one fourth, or not less than 647 bushels of cord and 427 tons of hay. These amounts, added to the original saving in purchase of animals, show an advantage in favor of the use of the mule over the horse of over $1,000 during the ordinary life of the animal. The mule is less dainty about food, unground grain and dry feed being just the thing for him. There are still other advantages in favor of the mule too numerous too mention.—*Exchange.*

Value of the Barley Crop.

Fears are often expressed that barley may not be a paying crop this year, because the price was high last season. This may be so if the crop is grown solely for sale to the brewers, who require a fine sample, good color, etc., and the demand is to a great extent capricious. But why depend on the market altogether? Barley can be turned into pork as well as corn. It is excellent feed for horses, and poultry, and barley meal will make beef. Why not feed the crop if it can not be profitably sold, or at least a part of it. With two strings to the bow, the breaking of one may be risked, and so we would not hesitate to grow barley although the brewers may not want it. As it requires good farming to grow this crop, and clean culture, it is not likely that the market can long be depressed below a paying point. As a feeding material barley stands very high, ranking very nearly as high as corn. When ground into meal, and fed with cooked potatoes, it makes sweet and excellent pork, and as a grain for horses it surpasses oats, and is more healthful as a steady feed than corn.—*American Agriculturist.*

Bee Veils.

A correspondent says every one—no matter who, whether he leads what is called a charmed life or not—requires the person protected while at work among his bees. To those who are commencing and until familiarity causes the loss of fear, a pair of good gauntlet gloves and a veil are necessary, but after the fear and trembling occasioned by the thought of opening a hive full of bees has ceased to have its horrors, all protection except the veil will be dispensed with. A good bee veil is made by taking a yard of black netting—costing usually about twenty cents—and sewing the ends together, thus making a bag, open at top and bottom. Then with a half yard of good strong rubber cord, run through the meshes at the ends, and you have a veil which will slip on over the crown of an old hat, and by drawing up and tying at the neck, you have all the protection required, for, if properly made and adjusted, no bee can touch your face or neck, consequently there can be no fear of stings, and besides it asis light, one can see through it nearly as well as if not worn.

Value of Evergreen Trees Among Fruit Trees.

A well-grown evergreen tree gives off continually an exodium of warmth and moisture that reaches a distance of its area in height; and when tree planters advocate shelter beds, surrounding a tract of orchard fifty or more acres, when the influence of such belt can only be traced a distance of the height of the trees in such belt, they do that which will prove of little value. To ameliorate climate, to assit in prevention of injury against extreme climatic cold in winter, and of the frosting of the germ bud of fruit in spring, all orchards should have planted in and among them, indiscriminately evergreen trees at a distance each of not more than one hundred and fifty feet apart. Such a course will give health to the trees, and be productive of more regular and uniform crops of fruit. At all events it is worth the trial, and we shall be glad if our readers can inform us of any practical experiments on the subject.—*Scientific American.*

Care and Use of Hen Manure.

A writer in the *New England Farmer* thus gives his experience in the management and use of hen manure:—I would say that in 1868, I took four bushels of dry hen manure, turned it on the barn floor, took a common flail and threshed it to a powder; then took 25 bushels of muck that had been dug 18 months, spread it on the barn floor and thoroughly mixed it with the hen manure. A single handful of the compost was put in the hill, and the corn dropped upon it. I had a splendid field of corn. I planted one row without the compost. That row could be distinguished all through the season, being about two weeks behind the rest of the field, and finally it never did catch up.

I believe if farmers that keep from twenty to thirty hens would save all the droppings and compost as above, or in some better way, instead of buying fertilizers, as many at the present day do, it would be very much more to their advantage.

Dry Earth as Bedding.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* says that it is well established that dry earth is of the greatest benefit to the comfort of stock when used as bedding. Any farmer can fill a large bin during warm weather with road scrapings, powdered clay, common soil. This may be strewn on the floor of a stall to the depth of three inches, and litter for their bedding laid on it. Thus the urine will be absorbed, and the nitrogen saved, for dry earth is so powerful an absorbent that a flooring of this sort will not be sufficiently saturated as to require re-placing for a long time. Then this saturated earth is worth more than its weight of fresh manure. The plant food thus saved from the stables is fully doubled in quantity and value, and is in much better condition for use.

Early Strawberries.

Purdy's *Fruit Recorder* describes the mode by which strawberries may be had one or two weeks earlier than in common open ground, which we condense and give briefly as follows: Select ground sloping to the south about one foot in ten. Set early varieties late in summer in the bed about half a foot apart each way. Set up planks edgewise, securing them by stakes, nearly two feet high on the north and west (protection from winds), and half a foot on the south and east. Bank against these with earth. On the approach of winter, cover the plants with evergreen brush, or common brush covered with coarse straw. The winter protection, aspect, and shelter of the plank, hasten the ripening several days.—*Country Gentleman.*

STRAWBERRIES. The mulch should now be removed, and the soil between the rows stirred, and weeded, and manured; if fine manure is not to be had, apply a good dressing of ground bone or other fertilizer. If new beds are to be set, let enough runners grow to finish plants, and remove the rest.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 4, 1875.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. J. P. CLARK is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot County. P. O. address River side.

MR. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Franklin County during August and September.

MR. S. N. TABER will call upon our subscribers in Hancock county during the month of September.

Financial Crash in California.

Intense excitement was created in San Francisco on Thursday, by the announcement that the Bank of California had stopped paying checks. The avenues leading to the building were soon filled with an anxious and excited crowd of depositors and check holders, and it was with great difficulty that a riot was prevented. The officers of the bank met the crowd with the promise that a definite statement would be made, as soon as the books could be carefully examined. In reply to questions, the President said they had already paid out on that day, $1,400,000 and that the bank would probably not resume. He farther stated that the bank had sufficient assets to meet all its liabilities. A subsequent examination into the affairs of the bank showed that its liabilities are about $14,000,000 and that its available assets are not more than half the amount.

The Bank of California was a State institution, incorporated by the California Legislature, and organized at San Francisco, in 1864. Its capital stock which was $2,000,000 at first, was subsequently increased to $5,000,000. It was really a private banking corporation. It issued no bank bills except bills of exchange, and its business was largely confined to receiving deposits and making loans. Its business was transacted on a gold basis, and it was a power in financial matters in all the Pacific States. So long as it confined its transactions to legitimate business, it made money, and was considered the most successful corporation of the kind in the country. Its President, Mr. W. C. Ralston, a sketch of whose career is given in another column, had the entire confidence of the directors, and did business very much in his own way. The illegitimate speculations in which he engaged, unknown to the directors, were the causes which led to the failure. The true condition of the bank was not made known to the directors, until the day of the suspension. On Friday a meeting of the directors was held, and Ralston was asked to resign, and complied at once. He then went out to take his usual bath, and was soon afterwards found dead in the water. At first it was believed that he had committed suicide, but the physicians who examined the body are of the opinion that his death was caused by apoplexy while he was bathing. One of his last acts was an assignment of all his property for the benefit of his creditors. The following from the New York *Herald* is probably a somewhat exaggerated statement of the operations of Ralston, and the collapse of the great banking corporation:

> The Bank of California, which would have been a strong institution within its appropriate sphere, plunged up to its neck in all sorts of mining and other local speculations, and the engulfing tide has swept over its head. Its greatest misfortune was to have an able, scheming man, like Mr. Ralston, with talent enough to make him the autocrat of the Pacific slope, in its management. The other directors fancied that every thing he touched would turn into gold, and their intoxicated admiration of his abilities enabled him to ruin an institution of great wealth and resources. There is no kind of speculation in which Mr. Ralston did not dabble. He involved himself and his bank in the water works of San Francisco, in the affairs of the Central Pacific Railroad, in the big bonanzas of the mining speculations, in the politics of California, which he attempted to control in the interest of his financial schemes, and in the journalism of the State, which he tried to control in furtherance of his political and financial projects. Social extravagance, taking the form of a lavish, ostentatious hospitality, which every Eastern visitor to San Francisco of any note has shared, was one of his favorite instruments for diffusing an idea of boundless wealth and maintaining a factitious credit. By such appliances he distended the gorgeous bubble until it has suddenly burst. His downfall has been hastened by a dictatorial arrogance which provoked resentment and created a vigorous opposition to his autocratic control. The "bank crowd," as it was called, consisting of Mr. Ralston, Senator Sharon and their associates and agents in California and Nevada, have been foiled in their operations for more than a year past by the new "crowd" of Flood, O'Brien & Co., a set of mushroom financiers who were keepers of drinking saloons seven years ago and by lucky speculations in mining stocks acquired the means of coming into the field against the "bank crowd," and have become financially, and therefore politically, potent in California. The strategy and intrigues of the new "crowd" proved strong enough to cripple the Ralston "bank crowd" at every step, which was not a difficult task when the latter were struggling under a load of ill-judged speculations in a period of declining values throughout the world. An unlucky turn in politics, the fierce attacks of the independent press and the necessity of propping up sinking speculations, hastened and completed the ruin of Ralston and his mismanaged Bank of California. For more than a year they have been "riding a dead horse." President Ralston, yesterday committed suicide. He would not wait to meet the anger of the people ruined by the collapse of the institution in which he was a leading light. Self-murder in such cases is had recourse to as an escape from shame and the reproaches of the dupes whose fortunes have been gambled away. It would, however be much better for the community if speculators would recognize that the dishonor consists in the gambling quite as much as in the discovery.

The failure of this great moneyed corporation and the disgrace and death of Ralston, go to illustrate the changes and vicissitudes to which American business life is sometimes subject, especially when it leaves well defined landmarks, and launches into an unknown sea of speculation. While doing a legitimate business money flowed rapidly into the coffers of the Bank of California, and its managers become rich. Ralston was regarded as the shrewdest business man in California, as well as one of the boldest operators. He was a good representative of the speculative genius which the last few years have developed, which controls the gold and stock boards, makes corners in grain and in other merchandise, and has too often dictated the policy of internal improvements. For several years this bank has largely controled the business interests of the Pacific slope and, as was natural has grown dictatorial and overbearing. Its failure will cause temporary embarrassment to very many interests and industries, but in the end it may result in good. Certainly, the fate of Ralston should have a salutary effect upon the great multitude of American citizens who, in the mad pursuit of wealth have become reckless as to the means by which their objects are gained.

☞ In the Supreme court, at Bangor, Tuesday, fifteen persons received sentence. One, for manslaughter, got ten years. The remaining cases were for assault and larceny. The sentences varied from thirty days in the county workshop to four years in the State prison. The sentence for manslaughter was against Pangburn, the old man, who recently murdered his wife at Medway.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. The firm of Lynn and Shaw, grocers, have dissolved. The junior partner will continue the business.——The horse of George Worthing became frightened at a velocipede on Hospital street, last week, ran away throwing the occupants out and severely injuring Mrs. Worthing. The carriage was badly smashed.——Some bungling thieves entered Webb's Fish Market Sunday night, and robbed his money drawer, but found only a few coppers.——The ordination of Rev. Horace W. Tilden as pastor of the First Baptist church in this city, took place Wednesday afternoon.——Prof. Hamlin of Cambridge, who has been visiting his father for a few days, left for home Tuesday morning, the case of his father, Mr. Charles Hamlin, who has been sick for some time, having somewhat improved.——S. S. Brooks, Esq., who was bitten by his horse a month ago, has so far improved as to be able to attend to his business.——A good number went on the excursion to Belfast and Northport camp ground Friday, and had a pleasant time. The weather was all that could be desired for such an occasion.——Rev. H. W. Dearborn will commence his pastoral labors with the Winthrop street Universalist church, on Sunday next.——Parkman Gardiner for drunkenness, and Mary E. Blanchard for vagrancy, were committed to jail last week. Ivory Hayes for assault and battery on John Willett, was fined five dollars but he appealed.——Mr. Lakeman of Portland, was committed to the Insane Hospital Tuesday.——Mr. E. N. Sawtelle, late of the Hartford House, has leased the Central House. Mr. Johnson late of the Central House, has moved to his former residence on Western Avenue.——We learn that Mr. John S. Sayward whose death is announced elsewhere, had been sick about a week with typhoid fever and sciatica.

☞When the bill for incorporating the Lewiston & Auburn Railroad was under discussion before the Legislature, and was passed after a hard fight, it was distinctly understood that close connection should be made between trains on this road and those on the Grand Trunk. Indeed, several of the members from Oxford county came to the support of the bill because it was understood that it would give the people of that section a closer connection with Lewiston. Those who were present during the pendency of the measure know very well that but for this promise, the bill could not have passed, for as it was, it had only a bare majority. The first Directors chosen were the men who engineered the bill through the Legislature, and who very well knew all the conditions, and when the road was leased to the Grand Trunk Company, it was specially provided that close connection should be made with trains on the main line. But how has this condition been complied with? The Lewiston & Auburn road has now been running a year, and passengers from Oxford county for Lewiston, or visa versa, are obliged to wait several hours at Danville or Lewiston Junction, the same as before the road was built. It was expected that a train would run between Lewiston and Lewiston Junction, to connect with every passenger train on the Grand Trunk, and thus save the vexatious delay of two or three hours.

The affairs of the Lewiston & Auburn branch are in the hands of a new board of Directors, but it is none the less their duty to compel the Grand Trunk Company to fulfil the conditions of the bond. Not to insist on a prompt compliance with this condition is a breach of good faith, and the violation of a promise upon the strength of which the road was chartered, and without which it would have failed.

☞Our readers will learn with pain and regret of the death of Mr. John S. Sayward, formerly one of the editors of the *Kennebec Journal*. Mr. Sayward moved to this city from Bangor, where for twenty years he had been connected with the *Whig* and *Courier* and had also been Mayor of the city. During his eleven years residence here, he won the respect and confidence of all, and his removal from the city was sincerely regretted by every one. Having disposed of his interest in the *Kennebec Journal* in the spring of 1868, Mr. Sayward purchased a small farm in Boxford, Mass., and moved there with his family. We know nothing of the immediate cause of Mr. Sayward's death as his friends in this city were not apprised of his sickness until they received the sad announcement of his death. He leaves two daughters, one the wife of Capt. E. C. Pierce, formerly of this city, and the other the wife of Maj. Fred Gilbreth.

☞The arrangement for excursion parties to the White Mountains, over the Maine Central and Portland & Ogdensburg Railroads, effected by E. C. Farrington, Esq., of Fryeburg, at reduced rates, has proved a very successful and satisfactory thing. Tickets are sold from this city to Fabyan's and return for $7.50, and the entire cost of the three days' trip, including the ascent of Mt. Washington by Railroad, a dinner at the Summit House, and board at the Fabyan or Crawford House, is only $18.75. A large number of excursion tickets have already been sold under this arrangement, and during the present month, which is regarded as the most favorable time to visit the Mountains, it is expected that many others will avail themselves of the opportunity.

☞The occasional sermon at the ordination of Rev. Mr. Tilden at the Baptist church in this city, Wednesday, was preached by Rev. Dr. Shailer of Portland. Several other clergymen of the Baptist denomination were present and participated. The house was tastefully decorated with flowers, and everything passed off to general acceptance. In the evening an able sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Stearns of Newton, subject "the Divinity of Christ." Mr. Tilden who is a young man of ability and culture, commences his ministry under the most favorable auspices, and the society is fortunate in having been able to secure his services.

HOT WEATHER. Sunday and Monday were the most trying days of the season. The mercury at different points in this city indicated nearly a hundred degrees in the shade, for several hours during each day. There was also a light pressure on the barometer, and the air was hot and stifling. Sunday was marked for extreme heat in all parts of the State. At Bangor the thermometer ranged from 93 to 100 in the shade. At Rockland at noon the mercury stood at 96 in the shade, and at 5 P. M. at 80. At Bath the same report was made.

It has been an excellent week for gathering in the grain, and for ripening corn.

☞A correspondent (L. E. D.) informs us that on Sunday morning, week, Storer F. Crafts and L. E. Douglass left West Auburn and went to Wilson Pond for the purpose of bathing. Storer had a revolver and amused himself by skipping bullets on the water. There was some trouble with the lock and the hammer refused to respond to the trigger, when Storer placed the muzzle to his palm and tried to adjust it, when the cartridge exploded, and the ball passed through his hand, making an ugly wound.

☞The survey of the Mesalonskee and Kennebec Railroad was commenced on Monday last. The survey is under the charge of Col. H. A. DeWitt, aided by Mr. Appleton of Boston, and others. The work will occupy about three weeks.

☞ A. Cowing & Co., one of the largest manufacturing firms in the United States, have made an assignment to Wm. B. Lathrop, of Seneca Falls, where their factory is. They have a large concern in New York depots in Chicago, St Louis, Kansas City and other places.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS. We made a visit last week, in company with an agreeable party of excursionists from this city, to the White Mountains, over that portion of the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad which has recently been completed and opened to Fabyan's, and connected with the Boston, Concord & Montreal road. We shall speak of the attractions of this newly opened route to the mountains, rather than attempt to describe the incidents and wonders of a trip so familiar to most American readers, and which, one would suppose, from the crowds of tourists that thronged the hotels and filled the cars and stages, going or returning, a large majority of our people have already seen for themselves.

The Portland & Ogdensburg road, we mean the completed portion, extends from Portland through Crawford Notch to the Fabyan House, in the heart of the White Mountains, a distance of about ninety miles, occupying about four and a half hours for the trip, and of the many approaches to the mountains, none more attractive and interesting for beauty and variety is afforded to the tourist. But transcending all these, are the new and wonderful revelations which it makes to the lovers of nature in its grandest and most impressive aspects. Few persons who have been familiar only with the route by stage up the valley of the Saco and through the Notch, picturesque and sublime as it is, could, without the means now afforded by the railroad ride, form any adequate picture of the wild and wonderful scenes which break upon the view as you traverse for miles the precipitous wall of mountains, from a height of several hundred feet above the old carriage road.

The ride from Portland to North Conway and Upper Bartlett, following the Presumpscot river, skirting the shores of the beautiful Sebago, or winding along the alternately verdurous and rocky banks of the Saco, is one of quiet and untiring enjoyment. But when the road begins to climb the sides of the stupendous mountain gorge, and ascending at a grade of 116 feet to the mile, we reach the highest point overlooking the valley, three hundred feet below us, the scene changes to one of unsurpassed grandeur and sublimity. As seen from the open observation cars, which afford an outlook in all directions, the whole mountain region is spread out to the vision, presenting,—from the entrance to the Notch at Bemis' station, until we pass Frankenstein's cliff, which towers, a precipitous wall of rock, thousands of feet above us—a constantly shifting panorama, magnificently grand, and sometimes almost fearful to look upon. Those who have looked from Mount Willard, at the upper gateway of the Notch, will recognize the view, although the nearer prospect from the cars in motion, from point to point of interest, presents a greater variety of detail and more striking effects than when seen from the greater height and from a single point of view. The passage through the gate of the Notch, as the train continues on its way to Fabyan's, also newly opens to view other impressive aspects of mountain scenery, including the entire western slope of the White Mountain range, while Mount Washington, towering in his 'pride of place' above all others, stands central and supreme, the fast declining sun gilding with its latest rays his bare and rugged forehead, and clouds mantle his colossal shoulders. We gaze until night closes the scene, and gladly seek the refreshment and repose with which the Fabyan so hospitably welcomes the hungry and weary sojourner within its gates.

Not the least wonderful thing connected with the railroad ride through the Notch is the triumph of engineering and constructive skill over what seem almost insuperable obstacles. To the ordinary eye the route must have appeared absolutely impracticable.—For long distances the road literally clings to the face of perpendicular ledges; or makes its way by titanic cuttings along the sides of mountains sloping a thousand feet above it, and looking as if an avalanche might at any moment sweep the track with destruction; or leaps across terrific gorges a hundred feet deep, and spanned by trestles so slight and apparently insecure as to make one's head swim with fear as the train thunders over them. And yet so perfect have been the appliances of practical scientific skill in its construction, that, in the judgment of experienced and competent railroad men, the safety and stability of the road is placed beyond all hazard, save from the ordinary casualties to which all roads are liable. It is indeed a marvel of engineering skill and courage, and to the engineer-in-chief, John F. Anderson, Esq., and his accomplished assistants, backed by the unconquerable energy and resolution of the Directors of the road, in the face of all difficulties and discouragements, are due the credit of carrying their great undertaking through thus far. We trust the day is not distant which shall witness the triumphant completion of an enterprise so important, not only to the city of Portland, but to our entire State, making the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad a successful competitor for, and a large sharer in, the carrying trade between the great West and the Atlantic seaboard.

Our trip to the mountains was a brief one, consuming less than three days' time, but a great deal of enjoyment was crowded into it. The glorious ride, to which we have adverted, through the Notch, going and returning; the novel ascent of Mt. Washington by rail—a fearful thing to think of and see, but safe and enjoyable, even when climbing a grade of two thousand feet to the mile, as when luxuriating in the easy chairs of a parlor Pullman; the delightful day on the summit, and the magnificent view we were so exceptionally fortunate to obtain there; the creature comforts at the Fabyan House, whose attentive proprietors, Messrs. Lindsay and French, contrive so well to make friends of their guests that they are loth to part with them;—these and other interesting circumstances of our trip to the mountains, not the least of which was the companionship of genial and appreciative friends—we can only briefly speak of, as helping to swell the sum of three days' enjoyment long to be remembered.

☞The Skowhegan Reporter says that business over the Maine Central Railroad to and from that station during the past week, has been remarkably active. Sixty-four car loads of general merchandise have been received. Forty-two car loads have been sent out, among these four of live stock to Westbrook; one of slate from the Maine Slate Company to Readfield; one of ship knees; half a ton of cloth, first shipment from the new woolen factory to Rufus Frost, Boston. It was pronounced to be first quality. One hundred and forty dollars were received from sale of passenger tickets.

☞G. C. Howard of East Monmouth, a student in Monmouth Academy, committed suicide on Tuesday last by shooting himself through the head. On his paper collar, which was found with the body, was written the following: "I have lived long enough—and so here goes." Deceased was only 19 years old and the cause of the suicide is a mystery.

MAINE POULTRY ASSOCIATION. The Maine Poultry Association has already collected $1200 in special premiums for next season's Poultry Show, a large increase over last year.

☞Edwin B. Smith, Esq., now holding the office of Reporter of Decisions in the Law Court of Maine, has been appointed first assistant attorney general of the United States.

☞Our bountiful grass crop is supplemented by an unusually heavy yield of aftermath or rowen. Some fields recently laid down, have produced a second crop of a ton to the acre.

☞Last week was the week of camp-meetings, and the believers in grove-worship must have been very much gratified at the favorable weather which continued through the camp meeting week. On Friday we attended the meeting at Poland, which was under the charge of Rev. E. Martin of this city, presiding elder for the Gardiner District. The grove where the meeting was held is situated near what is known as Empire Station, on the Grand Trunk Railway. The name of "Empire" was given to this little neighborhood long before the railroad was built. We have been told that in the olden time a shoemaker resided here whose influence was so potent among his neighbors that he was facetiously called the "Emperor," and the neighborhood the "Empire." When the railroad was built, a station house was built at the cross roads, which has always been known as the "Empire Station."

The Grand Trunk Company advertised to run special trains from Lewiston to the camp ground, and three cars were shackled on behind a freight train, which was nearly two hours in going a distance of five or six miles. The train should have reached Lewiston, on its return, at half past six o'clock, but it was past eight before it arrived there. It was a miserable arrangement, and caused no small amount of dissatisfaction.

There have been great improvements on the camp ground since we visited it twelve years ago. Some six years ago, when the place was badly run down and there was serious talk of abandoning it as a place of meeting, a company of business men, several of whom reside in Portland, took hold of the matter, and having obtained a long lease of the land, they commenced a system of improvements which have been faithfully carried out, and now it is one of the pleasantest and most convenient places for holding this form of religious gathering that we know of. The grove is a beautiful one, and the underbrush has been removed and comfortable seats erected for a large audience. Several cottages have been erected, some of them very neat and comfortable. The company has succeeded in putting the grounds into first-rate order without contracting a troublesome debt, as has sometimes been the case in similar enterprises. The company has control of the land for a long distance away from the place of meeting, and are thus able to keep at a distance those who might be disposed to disturb the worshippers in their devotional exercises. There was a good number present who had gathered together from Oxford, Androscoggin, Kennebec and Cumberland counties, and the meetings were as orderly and well conducted as though within the walls of a church. Rev. Mr. Martin is prompt, energetic and possessed of rare executive abilities. Under his excellent management everything was conducted with regularity and precision. There was a marked difference between the order observed on this occasion and at the meeting we attended on the spot twelve years ago. Some dozen or more ministers were present, but most of the faces were new and strange. Where are the Messrs. Foster, Fairbanks, Larkin and a half score of others who were never absent from these annual gatherings a few years ago? Some of them have gone to other fields of labor, some have become old and infirm, and have been superannuated, and others have gone to their rest.

There are various opinions in the community respecting the propriety and utility of campmeetings, but we suspect the prejudice against them is mostly due to the fact that sometimes they have been the scenes of riot and disorder, and doubtless productive of more evil than good, but with such order and discipline as were enforced at Poland, such objections would disappear. Those who participate in the exercises, whether singing or speaking or prayer, appear to enjoy themselves, and those who do not fellowship such demonstrative religion are at liberty to stay away.

POLITICAL. The Republican county convention for Waldo, re-nominated Fred Atwood and E. P. Richardson for Senators, Geo. D. McCrillis for Treasurer, and A. B. Clark for Commissioner.

The Knox county Democratic convention nominated Alfred Watts of Thomaston for Senator, John Carroll of Vinalhaven for Commissioner, and J. E. Sherman of Rockland for Treasurer.

The Democrats of Franklin county have nominated the following county ticket: G. W. Clark of New Vineyard for Senator, S. Belcher of Farmington for Judge of Probate, John G. Brown of New Sharon for Register of Probate, Prince A. Sawyer of Phillips for Attorney. Peter P. Tufts of Farmington for Treasurer, Wm. S. Gilbert of Kingfield for Commissioner.

The Somerset County democratic convention on Wednesday, nominated the following: Senators, Ivory H. Lord of Canaan; John Robbins, Jr., of Norridgewock; Sheriff, Josiah Tilton of Skowhegan; Commissioner, Simeon P. Waterhouse of Detroit; Treasurer, A. F. Parlin of Skowhegan.

☞A Paris correspondent of the Press says that Mrs. Lovering of Oxford, who was born in Greenwood, celebrated her one hundredth birthday Sept. 1. This must be a mistake, as the first white family moved into Greenwood after 1800. It is more probable that she was born in that part of Hebron which was afterwards incorporated as Oxford. One hundred years ago the territory was known as Sheppardsfield, and had just been settled by families from Massachusetts. She probably afterwards moved into Greenwood, as families of this name have resided there for many years. The Press correspondent adds:

> "She retains all her faculties and is able to read, sew, knit, etc., without the aid of spectacles, and even at her advanced age she looks but a trifle older than her daughter with whom she resides."

REFEREE CASE. Judge Walton has just heard an important referee case in Portland. The property in dispute is located at Pine Point, near Old Orchard, in Scarboro, involving the title to some seventy acres of land which has become valuable as a part of that popular summer resort. The title to the property dates back to the deed given by Sir William Pepperell, in old colony times. Hon. Seth Scammon and Hon. Ezra Carter claim title through Richard King, and the heirs of Dr. Robert Southgate. Isaac C. Baker, the defendant, claims title through a deed given by the late James B. Thornton. Decision will be returned at the October term of the Supreme Court.

☞A barn belonging to the estate of Dr. N. P. Monroe, on the Lincolnville road near the muck, took fire Wednesday evening, last week, and was entirely consumed together with its contents, about twelve tons of hay. The adjoining house and L were badly scorched and were saved with great difficulty. The house was burned next day, however, catching, probably, from the fire of the barn which had only been partially extinguished. No family lived in the house and there is but little doubt that the fire was set. The loss is estimated at $1,000 with no insurance.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY. The fourth annual reunion of the First Maine Cavalry will be held in Rockland on Wednesday, Sept. 15th. There will be an excursion to Granite Island in Penobscot Bay, clambake etc. Those attending will receive free return tickets over the various railway and steamboat lines in the State.

SUNSTROKE. Henry Washburn, a driver of a street sprinkler residing on Fern street, Bangor was sun struck about one o'clock last Saturday afternoon. He fell from his sprinkler and was removed to his home, but he only lived twenty minutes after being taken up.

BURGLARY. A daring burglary was committed at Lincoln Centre on Friday night. It seems says the *Whig*, that the object of the robbers was to obtain money from an old fashioned safe in the store of Gates & Butterfield, in which besides the money belonging to the firm, was a sum deposited by people of the neighborhood for safe keeping. The burglars were evidently bungling, as they blew open the safe with powder instead of using a "jimmy" or "pinch bar" as the professional gentry would have done. It appears that they placed the safe on its side upon some dry goods taken from the shelves, poured powder into the key hole, which was quite large and after piling the remainder of the cloth and other goods found in the store on top and about the safe, fired the powder by means of a piece of fuse inserted in the key hole and held firmly in place by jamming in a portion of a bar of soap. The explosion was heard by some people in the vicinity, but who thought nothing of the matter until the robbery was discovered.

The safe was completely wrecked by the explosion and the goods piled about it set on fire, some of the cloth being badly burned, but the thieves drenched them with water and then took a package of money containing $180, which belonged to several depositors. Among a pile of notes and other papers was a package containing $360 which the robbers missed, in their hurried search. They took some crackers and cheese and with the money decamped.

Suspicion rests upon a young man who not long ago broke into the store and being caught settled the matter. He left the place ostensibly to go West, and Friday evening was seen on the railway crossing near the "Centre" walking in that direction and was accosted by a man who knew him. He is now missing and is being hunted for.

☞The New Vineyard correspondent of the *Chronicle* writes: "Last Friday evening, about 8 o'clock, Mr. Washburn Luce was driving his sheep home from the pasture, and while passing over Cherry Hill, so called, an unknown person sprang from the bushes at the roadside and made for Mr. Luce. The latter was terribly frightened and ran for dear life to the village, where he narrated the circumstance. Shortly afterwards Messrs Ansel Gammon and James Huff passed by the same spot, but saw or heard nothing, and people began to think Luce was making up a scare. About 9 o'clock Huff started to return to his home, refusing any assistance. He had just reached the spot where Luce was set upon, when suddenly he was set upon by some one who sprang upon him, and a terrible struggle ensued. Huff is a strong man, but the villain was too much for him, and in the struggle he was thrown into the ditch. He immediately sprang up and made 'long tracks' for the Mills, where he added his testimony in the case. During the struggle Huff's coat and hat were stripped in pieces. The affair caused the wildest excitement in this quiet village, and a large number set out with lanterns to ferret the thing out. They searched till about 11 o'clock, but were unable to find any person. The whole matter is a profound mystery and is creating great consternation."

NEW SWEDEN. A correspondent of the *Press* who has from time to time visited the Swedish colony and who has not been a very enthusiastic believer in the ultimate success of the emigration scheme, writes from that settlement as follows: "The improvement in the condition of the Swedes is marked. Their crops are better than they have ever raised before and they have a much larger breadth sown to grain than any previous year. There are but three or four families that require assistance, and they on account of sickness. They are doing better as a whole than the settlers on any other new plantation in Aroostook county. They are remarkably healthy. There has been but one death within two years, and that was a girl of 11 years who died of chronic disease. There is quite a large amount of haying to be done in this vicinity yet owing to the season being so wet. Crops generally look well. Some fields of potatoes and wheat are rusting. There will be seven starch factories in operation in this section of the county, viz.: at Houlton, New Limerick, Bridgewater, Presque Isle, Maysville, Caribou and Fort Fairfield. The Caribou Factory Co. expects to use about 60,000 bushels this season, paying 25 cents per bushel.

☞A three days meeting at Lewiston driving park opened Tuesday, $3000 in premiums being offered. Forest King won the three minute race in 2.40, Northern Spy was second. The 2.29 race was hotly contested. Five heats were trotted, when darkness came on and the final heats were deferred to Wednesday. The contesting horses were King William, Phil Sheridan, Flora Belle and Baby Boy. Flora Belle won two heats, and the other horses got one heat each. Time, 2.32 1-2, 2.34 1-4, 2.35, 2.34, 2.34 1-2. No race ever trotted on this driving park has produced so much excitement.

The second day for the 2:50 class there were 27 entries. The race was won by Northern Spy, Blanche Robinson 2d, Joan 3d and Troublesome 4th. In the 2:34 class there were 8 entries. The race was won by Blanche, Dare 2d, Ayer 3d, Lightfoot 4th.

☞Eben Mayall a native of Gray in this State, committed suicide last week by shooting himself through the heart, at his home in West Denver, Colorado. He had been in poor health for some time, and had frequently expressed himself tired of life. He was brother of Samuel Mayall member of Congress from Maine in 1853, but at present residing in St. Paul, Minn. The father was a resident of Gray many years ago, in Gray, and built him a private burying-ground on his premises, and surrounded it with a heavy stone wall. Some of the neighbors asked him why he preferred such a cemetery? He was an Englishman and somewhat excentric in his notions, and he answered: "I'm going to keep my family together so that there'll be no fuss in the resurrection in finding them."

☞Mrs. Polly (Freeland) Rawson, relict of the late Capt. Samuel Rawson of Paris, died Sunday at the old homestead in Paris, aged ninety-six years, seven months and twelve days. She was the daughter of Dr. James Freeland of Sutton, Mass., and was married to Capt. Rawson in 1802. In 1804 they moved to Paris. Her husband died in 1829, and she has lived a widow 46 years. She leaves one son, James F. Rawson of Bangor, and four daughters, three of whom are widows. One daughter married Dr. Simeon Fuller, one Virgil D. Paris, one Timothy J. Carter, one Henry E. Prentiss, and another Wm. K. Kimball.

GREAT SWIMMING FEAT. Capt. Webb, an English sailor, has performed the extraordinary feat of swimming across the English channel, from Dover to Calais, a distance of thirty miles. Capt. Webb, unlike Paul Boyton, was supported by no life-preserving suit. But his achievement is not such an achievement as Boyton's, for Webb cannot communicate his faculty to others for the price of an india rubber suit. It is a superior, however, from an athletic point of view.

FREEPORT. Simon Pratt, an aged citizen of Freeport, in attempting to open the East Boston ferry boat, Thursday, fell in the water and was drowned. The body was recovered floating near the slip. The coroner was summoned and every means brought to bear to restore life, but without success. The body was taken to the morgue, and given into the hands of the undertaker and sent to Freeport for interment.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. President Robins of Colby University has been prostrated several days with severe sickness, but hopes to be able to take up his college work at the beginning of the term.——Mrs. Mooer died very suddenly of apoplexy, at Farmingdale, Saturday.——The Kennebec Journal says that Stephen Cram of Belgrade was on Wednesday morning last found dead on the floor of his barn. He was a farmer by occupation, and lived alone. The last seen of him by any of his neighbors was on the Saturday previous. He was subject to fits, and probably died from the effects of one while in the barn. He had evidently been dead three or four days, as the body was badly decomposed, and had to be buried at once.——The Mail says that two men, Henry and Samuel York of Vassalboro' were arrested and brought before Justice Waldron, charged with stealing flour from Bangs' mill. Henry was held in $200 for appearance at a higher court, and Samuel dismissed by nol pros.——Mrs. Dorothy, wife of Peter Dunn, Esq., was the daughter of Mr. Timothy Bartlett. Was born in Mt. Vernon, August 27th, 1787.—Married Esquire Dunn in Oct. or Nov. of 1804, at the age of 17. Bore him ten children, lived with him nearly seventy-one years and died Aug. 27th, '75, just 88 years old, leaving her husband, who is over ninety-two years of age, very feeble.——A receiver will be appointed to close up the affairs of the Winthrop Savings Bank. Hon. W. W. Bolster, the Bank Examiner, thinks that quite a proportion of the securities and cash stolen was so mangled that the robbers will not dare to make use of the property.——The Chronicle says that Zebulon Jewett of Clinton, has been arrested, tried and bound over in $500 bonds, on the charge of obtaining $1,000 of the Skowhegan savings bank under false pretences.——Mr. Charles Winslow, who met with the railroad accident at Winthrop, on Friday last, died from his injuries the same evening at half-past seven o'clock.——Rev. Wilbur F. Berry, about 24 years old, a native of Camden, now pastor of the church at Readfield, is teaching the free high school near Dunn's corner. His 36 pupils and Mr. Webber, the Supervisor of Schools, are much pleased with his force and manner of instruction.——The fall term of the Waterville Classical Institute commences Monday, Aug. 30. Colby University commences Wednesday, September 1st. The Freshman class numbers about forty, the largest class for many years, and the largest class entering any college in the State this year.——We regret to learn of the illness of Dr. C. A. Cochran of Winthrop. He has gone to the Maine General Hospital to receive medical treatment.——There is to be a free high school at Fayette Corner, commencing the second Monday in September. Miss Eva O. Parker of Chesterville is to teach.

☞The schooner Emily Holder, Capt. Frederick York, which arrived at Portland Thursday, brings a story that corroborates all that has been told in reference to the existence of the sea-serpent.

On Sunday, the 22d inst., when the schooner was ten miles south, southwest of Matinicus, and moving under a three knot breeze, the fin of a fish was seen about 500 yards off. The crew supposed it was a swordfish, when the man at the mast-head sung out that the creature was elevating its head and that it was no swordfish and nothing like any fish he had ever seen. Of course the crew gathered on every available place where a view could be obtained, and they saw a long neck gradually projected above the water, surmounted with a head that appeared to be a cross between an eel's and a whale's. That it was long, like an eel's and blunted like a whale's. The neck for about ten feet from the head was as big round as a large barrel, and then the fin begun.

Determined to see the fellow clear, the steersman put up his helm, and the schooner made for the monster. The craft struck him aft of the fin with a slight shock. No sooner had the schooner touched him than, with the quickness of a flash, the fellow dove and, as he did so, he brought his tail round with a whisk, the end of it striking the stern of the schooner with a slap that made the craft shiver and set the crockery spinning in the pantry. It was evidently only a mere touch that the vessel received, which shows what would have happened to her if the fish had obtained a fair blow. After the serpent dove nothing more was seen of him although the vessel cruised sometime in that vicinity. The crew say if they had only had some harpoons or lances, they should have had a good opportunity to catch this queer fish.

FAILURE OF LEE AND SHEPARD. The book trade throughout the country as well as the reading public, will hear with regret that the publishing houses of Messrs. Lee & Shepard of Boston, and Messrs. Lee, Shepard & Dillingham of New York have been obliged to suspend payment. The prosperity of the houses received a severe check at the great fire, when there was lost nearly $100,000, which was followed soon afterward by a loss of half that amount by the fire in Sudbury street. The energy and enterprise of the members of the firm were such that they resolved to buckle down to retrieve their losses. Their efforts have been untiring, and their honorable intentions were so apparent that they aided their creditors that their credit suffered no check. But months of dull business followed, and the firm has been obliged in justice to themselves and their creditors to suspend payment.

We trust that such arrangements may be made with their creditors as will render their suspension but temporary, and we are sure that in the future they will enjoy the same measure of confidence that has been theirs in the past.

☞The descendants of Edward Rawson, secretary of the colony of Massachusetts Bay from 1650, to 1686 held their fourth annual reunion at Worcester Wednesday, week. Former reunions have been somewhat formal. This one was devoted to informal greetings, the renewal and extension of family acquaintance and conversational discussion of matters of family interest. The tables and platform front of the hall had displayed thereon quite a large and valuable collection of Rawson antiquities, including the original portraits of Secretary Edward Rawson and his unfortunate daughter Rebecca, and photographs, letters, family records, deeds, and other interesting matter. At 1 o'clock the family dined at the Holly Tree Inn, and subsequently spent the afternoon in social enjoyment and fraternal greetings at the hall. It is proposed at the next annual meeting to take measures for the erection of an appropriate monument to Secretary Rawson, who is buried in the Old Granary burying ground in Boston.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. Last Thursday afternoon a serious accident occurred at the Dover races to the driver of the White horse Fagon, Samuel Jacobs of Skowhegan. The horse had lost the first heat by bad breaking, and in the second heat one of his shoes and a boot came off; the shoe was reset before the third heat which he won; but while he was going round 50 feet from the wire on the fourth he caught his hind foot in the forward shoe and went down, throwing his driver out of the sulky, breaking his collar bone and injuring his shoulder blade very severely.

☞The Boston *Advertiser* says that "work will be pushed in the Navy Yard at Kittery, until after the Maine election." It is shameful to use the workshop of the government for the manufacture of voters, and the *Advertiser* well observes that this open and flagrant misapplication of the public money has ceased to be a laughing matter.

Items of Maine News.

Potatoes and beans are damaged somewhat by rust in Kingfield.

George W. Morse of Hersey, was drowned while bathing the other day.

Calais is to have two new school houses, costing $12,000.

The Brunswick Telegraph appears resplendent in a full suit of new type.

The Bangor Whig says that there were 28 car loads of freight shipped at the Maine Central depot in that city, Friday.

The Norway Advertiser says that fevers are prevalent, particularly those of a typhus character.

The Fairfield Chronicle says that potatoes are rotting badly in the country about that town.

The Bangor fire department was turned out Wednesday evening by the sounding of a fighting man.

The four-years-old son of Lulu Quinn of Lubec, was found drowned on Wednesday of last week.

The Solon Agricultural Society will hold its Show and Fair at South Solon, Tuesday, Sept. 27.

The total cost of the mail service in New England for the last fiscal year was $1,192,787. In Maine it was $250,324.

The Democrat says that two thieves stole a quantity of clothing from Smart's store, at Bangor, Thursday evening.

The Machias Union says that there is some complaint of potato blight, but not very general as yet.

The Belfast Age announces the death of N. J. Prescott, a business man of Belfast highly esteemed.

James Greer's house and buildings at Belfast, and their contents, have been burned. Loss, $2,000; partially insured.

The Whig says that freights are lower this year to Bangor than they have been for fifteen years.

G. H. Thompson of York, has been appointed foreman of laborers at the Kittery Navy Yard, vice Thomas F. Staples of Eliot.

The News says that Hanson Fields has caught a turtle weighing fifty pounds in Songo river. He was on the Mount Pleasant and caught it with a boat hook.

The Lewiston Journal says that the crops in the vicinity of Limerick are looking fine, and there is every evidence of reaping a bountiful harvest.

Wm. H. Haselton, proprietor of the new hotel at the Forks, informs the Reporter that his house will be opened on the 22d of September.

A horse and carriage belonging to the Central House stable, Old Orchard, ran away Friday afternoon, completely smashing the vehicle, but injuring no one.

The Advertiser says that Calais has never had a gayer summer than the one now drawing to a close. Many strangers and old residents have been there.

The Brunswick Telegraph says that a new machine and new engines have been put in to the paper mill, and work will be lively when everything is in first rate order.

The P. & A. Union Agricultural Society will hold their annual Exhibition and Fair at Patten, Sept. 22 and 23. J. W. Ambrose of Sherman, will deliver the address.

The Observer says that Foxcroft has lost another good citizen in the death of Wm. H. Ingalls, who died on Saturday afternoon last, after an illness of only three days.

Mrs. Geo. Simmons of Kingfield, who has been confined to her bed for over three years, has lately completed a quilt that contains 2412 pieces.

Martin L. Tower of Searsport, aged 19, has been bound over to the October term of the court in $3000, on the charge of committing rape on Mary L. Griffin, aged about 14.

The Whig says that a horse was run over at Winn Wednesday night, by the European and North American train. Two of his legs were cut off.

The York and Cumberland Association of Universalists will meet with the society in Yarmouth, the second Wednesday and following Thursday, Sept. 8th and 9th.

Alphonzo Carpenter has been appointed librarian of the South Berwick Library Association, vice A. Garland resigned, and the library removed to Mr. Carpenter's store.

The Sunrise says that on Sunday afternoon last, during the passing of a shower, a barn belonging to Rev. J. A. Bryant of Maple Grove, Fort Fairfield, was struck by lightning and burned.

The Biddeford Journal says that the South Berwick National Bank has a Pillard time lock on its doors, and the cashier can sleep without fear of having to open the bank for burglars.

The Pioneer says that at the Methodist camp meeting in Hodgdon last Friday night, four harnesses were badly cut to pieces by some miscreant who had more devil than godliness in his nature.

Burnham & Morrill, at their factory in Machias, put up 4000 cans of blueberries, or about 125 bushels one day last week. The berries cost about $250 cash, which goes mainly to the pickers.

J. Winslow Jones has given contracts for the manufacture of 5000 boxes each to O. S. Turner of New Vineyard, and Charles Bartlett of New Portland, for his corn canning establishment at Farmington.

H. H. Carter had a valuable silver watch stolen from his vest at the shipyard in Belfast, Tuesday afternoon. His time book was also taken, but was afterwards found on the wharf. The thief has not yet been apprehended.

The Belfast Age says: "The smartest young married woman lives in Monroe. She has a pair of bright twin babies, and she does her house work, and then sits down between her cradles and makes four vests a day."

The Advertiser states that two tramps assaulted Dr. Howe of Pittsfield, in the highway, it is supposed with the intention of robbery, but the doctor's summary method of dealing with the rascals frustrated their intentions.

The large barn on Columbus Hilton's farm, East New Portland, was burned Saturday night with some forty tons of hay, a hog and calf. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary; no insurance.

Capt. Samuel Hartwell died in St. Albans Aug. 16th, aged 84 years; his father died some years ago in the same town, aged 92 years; his oldest brother, Benjamin, died some two years ago, aged 92.

The Opinion says that Monday Miss Margaret Calderwood of North Haven, daughter of Josiah and Mary Calderwood, drowned herself, she having evidently committed suicide, while temporarily insane.

Patents have been granted Maine citizens as follows: S. C. Cary and G. F. Cary, Portland, screw propellers; T. F. Dunn, Saccarappa, wrenches; W. Atwood, Cape Elizabeth, washing machines.

The Danforth Brass Band have received their new instruments. They are of beautiful design, and under the direction of Mr. R. S. Tuck, their efficient leader, we may reasonably expect that music "shall soon fill the air."

Maj. Wm. H. Fogler of Belfast, has notified his former comrades that the second reunion of the surviving members of the 19th Regiment Maine Vols., will be held at Belfast on the afternoon and evening of September 2d.

Prof. Fowler of Hillsdale College, Michigan, died in Saco Saturday morning. He came East for his health some months since, but the change did not prove beneficial. His disease was consumption of the blood. He was 50 years of age.

At a town meeting in Norway, Saturday, it was voted to sell the shoe factory to Messrs. B. F. Spinney & Co., for the sum of $10,000 at the end of ten years, if they shall decide to buy at any time during the term for which they have leased the building.

The North Berwick Company are sending away large quantities of flannel goods. This company has run full time, notwithstanding the hard times. J. J. Abbott, esq., has just entered upon his duties as book-keeper for the company.

The new school house in District No. 5, South Berwick, a fine two-story edifice, just completed, was dedicated on Saturday, and the fall term has commenced. The old building has been sold to Mr. Elisha Sanderson for $300.

The Times says that on Monday, while the ledge near James Graham's, on Alfred street, was being blasted, a heavy rock was thrown through the roof of John W. Page's house near by, doing considerable damage and somewhat frightening the people in the house.

The sloop Northern Light, which was burned and sunk at the works for the removal of dry rock, near Richmond, a few weeks ago, has been raised and will be repaired and placed again on the work. The boiler of the hoisting engine is found to be uninjured. It will cost $1000 to put it in shape again.

The Democrat says that Mr. C. Briggs of Paris, has three acres of cucumbers in full bearing. He gathers from the vines ten barrels per day of fine fruit for pickles. Messrs. Pettingill & Littlejohn of Portland have contracted for the lot, for which they pay exceedingly remunerative prices.

Items of General News.

W. H. Craig, a water color artist, was drowned in Lake George, Thursday.

A million of gold was awarded to bidders at 113 43 to 113 48 Monday.

Ground has been broken for a new court house at Chicago.

A man named Henry Wilson is held in New York for the assassination of Mr. Noe.

Cattle stealing and murder are still rife on the Mexican border.

Judge Wylie has refused an order to sell the property of Ottman, the treasury robber.

The wife of Garibaldi died a few days ago at Caprera.

Mr. Key, the new Senator from Tennessee, is a Hard-Money man.

There was a frost on Long Island Wednesday night week.

Charles F. Howe, 26 years old, hung himself at Fitchburg, Friday night.

James A. Garner, a well known merchant of New York city died Saturday.

A fire Friday morning in the office of the Brooklyn Argus did damage to the amount of $2000.

John Trainor, a highway robber, resisted a New York policeman Wednesday night, and was shot and taken to the station.

It is now ascertained that the ganger who was supposed to have been shot by the Chicago whiskey ring, shot himself.

John Chusley, charged with arson at Pittsfield and held under $1,000 bail, was stolen by a mob at Portsmouth, has cleared out.

The Episcopalians of the Northwest are about to establish a Church paper at Chicago.

John McCann fell 210 feet from the top of one of the towers of the Brooklyn bridge and was killed Friday.

Capt Barney Hull, proprietor of the Sherman House Boston, is dead. His estate is valued at $350,000.

Rev. Wm. Vendever, the negro pastor of the Shiloh church in New York, was run over and killed by a railroad train Saturday morning.

A waterspout at Musscogoit Monday, badly damaged the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad.

George McNutt was convicted at St. John, Friday, of murder, and sentenced to be hanged Dec 4th.

Gen. A. J. Bannell, chairman of the West Virginia Democratic executive committee, fell dead Friday of heart disease.

Geo. D. Lord, jr., one of the canal ring, has been arrested on a charge of bribery in procuring legislation.

An express car on the Union Pacific was robbed between Butler Creek and Table Rock, Thursday night. Loss not known.

The crew of the bark Amelia of Quebec, burned at sea, were picked up in an open boat and have arrived at New York.

Geo. Grove, 36 years of age, was fatally beaten by Carver Leafers, belonging to the Judge Delmar association in Brooklyn.

Fifty thousand dollars worth of crapes and ribbons, seized for undervaluation, were sold at auction in New York Friday.

Two roughs were arrested at Greenville, N. J., for fatally beating and robbing John Hughes a Jersey City contractor.

A committee of English stockholders left New York Monday, to inspect the Erie railway.

Samuel B. Lowdon, the servant at the Cliff Cottages, New York, stabbed in an altercation Tuesday died Friday.

A passenger and coal train collided on a branch of the Erie road Thursday, but no one was hurt.

Abby R. and Susie A. Dolloff, aged 15 and 13, were drowned in the Palmer river, Rehoboth, Mass., Thursday while bathing.

The trial of Westervelt, charged with kidnapping Charlie Ross, commenced in Philadelphia Tuesday.

The trial of the alleged Georgia colored conspirators commenced Monday. The testimony is not important.

The excitement over the recent suspension in Baltimore has subsided, and no serious results are anticipated.

The Memphis, Tenn., wood-works were burned Friday morning. Loss $27,000; insurance $17,000.

Six stores were burned in New Rochelle, N. Y., Saturday morning. Loss $50,000; insurance small.

Another revolution is imminent in Uruguay, owing to dissatisfaction with the administration.

A despatch from Bloomington, Ill., says the corn crop was not injured in the least by the frost Monday night.

The sheds of the Fitchburg railroad at Charlestown, containing lumber and coal, were burned last week. Loss $15,000.

The Robertson building and Central house were burned at Quincy, Mass., Friday. Loss $15,000; insurance $18,000.

The barque Union of Cape Breton, bound to New York, has been wrecked on the Nova Scotian coast. Crew saved.

President Grant and family, were in New York, Saturday, to witness the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris for Europe.

J. S. Glines, the absconding postmaster of Prescott, has been arrested at St. Thomas, Nevada.

Gen. Hawley addressed a large meeting at Wheeling, Friday night, in the interest of the Centennial.

General Valmaseda has made a forced loan from the Spanish bank of Havana of $800,000 in gold, to pay the Spanish troops on the isl nd.

Tuesday evening week three masked men visited the residence of Wm. Mains near New Haven, Ind., robbed his house and then burned it.

Six prisoners have been arrested near Cumberland Gap, for illicit distilling and other violations of the revenue laws.

James R. McNew, a planter living near Memphis, was shot dead Friday by unknown parties.

It is reported that the Western Union Company has come to an aggreement by which the lines of the Atlantic and Pacific Company will be purchased.

The sculptor Simmons has just received an order for a bust of President Lincoln, to be placed in the public library at Springfield, Illinois.

Jeremiah McCarthy of Newport, R. I., was seriously injured Friday afternoon by the explosion of a torpedo station in Newport.

It is reported from Toronto that the steamer Rothesay Castle has been raised. She was seriously damaged and will not resume her trips for some time to come.

The commissioner of internal revenue has awarded the contract for the printing of check stamps to the Graphic Company of New York.

Wendell Phillips has a letter in Saturday's New York Herald, in favor of legal tender notes, and addressed to the Secretary of the Legal Tender club.

The schooner Marion Gage, from Philadelphia, with coal for Boston, was sunk by a collision with the Achilles. The crew were saved.

In the consolidation scheme of the Western Union with the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, the latter has been treated at a capitalization of $2,500,000.

President Grant will be the guest of Senator Conkling at the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland at Utica, N. Y., September 15th and 16th.

Ida Lewis saved one of the occupants of a capsized sail boat near Lime Rock Lighthouse, Friday. The other was picked up by a boat from the shore.

Capt. Lawrence of the schooner Josephine Potts, was murdered by his mate Friday night in a quarrel in the cabin of the vessel in New York harbor.

S. A. Cargin, of the Boston firm of Cargin, Hay & Co., died suddenly at the Continental Hotel, St. John, Friday, while reading a newspaper.

Col. Edward W. Longstreet, a well known leather merchant of Syracuse, N. Y., committed suicide Saturday night. Financial embarrassment was the cause.

A Baltimore despatch says a nephew of Gov. Cochrane, a negro and two mules, were killed by a train at a crossing on the Delaware Railroad Saturday night. The coroner's jury censured the railroad for negligence.

A New York river thief was chased from the cabin of the brig Laura Gertrude by Capt. Risk, who fired a heavy rock at him. The fellow jumped overboard and was not seen to rise again.

The Atlantic mills in Lawrence resumed work Monday morning after seven weeks suspension. The stock on hand has been well sold out and there is prospect of steady work for a thousand operatives.

Geo. A. Mitchell of Groveland, died Friday morning from the effects of an overdose of morphine administered by his physician. An inquest will be held and a post mortem examination made.

A thirteen-year-old boy shot a robber in the face who was attempting to open the window of his father's house while his parents were absent, at Comsequoe, L. I.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 1.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2606; Sheep and Lambs 10,701; Swine 5,750. Number of Western Cattle 2300. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 250. Eastern Cattle 156.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, extra quality $8 00@7 75; first quality $7 50@7 00; second quality $6 37½@6 87½; third quality $5 37½@6 12½; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c. $3 50@5 12½.

BRIGHTON HIDES—7½c ⅌ lb.; Brighton Tallow 6c ⅌ lb.

COUNTRY HIDES—6@6½c ⅌ lb.; Country Tallow 5@5½c ⅌ lb.

CALF SKINS—15@14c ⅌ lb. Sheep Skins 35 @ 35c each. Lamb Skins 50@75c each.

The quality of the Beef Cattle this week was better upon lots of very extra Cattle among those from the West, and also some fine Beeves among those from Maine. Prices have not materially changed from those of our last quotations, a few very extra Cattle selling as high as 8c per lb live weight. The trade did not open on Tuesday so lively as it did one week ago.

WORKING OXEN.—The supply in market for the week was larger than that of several weeks past. We quote sales of 1 pr, girth 7 ft 4 in, $250 00; 1 pr, 6 ft 10 in, $170; 1 pr, 6 ft, 8 in, $155; 2 prs, 7 ft 2 in, coarse ones, at $160 per pair.

STORE CATTLE—No call for Store Cattle and but few in market. Most all the small Cattle that are in a fair condition being bought up by butchers to slaughter. Yearlings $14@15; two year olds $18@25; three year olds $25@45.

MILCH COWS.—Extra $55@95; ordinary $25@50; Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Good Cows sell well at fair prices.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—From the West there was a large supply, all owned by butchers, costing at Brighton 6@7c per lb. From the North supply was larger than that of one week ago. Prices ranging from 6@6½ per lb.

SWINE—Store Pigs, wholesale 10@11c per lb; retail, 13@11c. Fat Hogs, 5500 in market; prices 8½@8¾c per lb. Spring Pigs 14@16 per pound.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.

The demand for domestic has been fair during the week. Fine fleeces are again a shade easier, but medium fleeces and combing and delaine selections are firm, and continue to sustain previous prices.—The sales include 275,000 lbs Ohio at 44@50 per lb, as to quality. X and XX fleeces having been sold at 44@46c, and medium grades from 47@50c per lb, the latter price for selections; 100,000 lbs Michigan fleeces at 42@36c; 50,000 lbs Wisconsin and New York fleeces at 43@50c, including choice selection of medium as high as 50c; 175,000 lbs combing and delaine selections at 50@60c for washed, and 40@46c for unwashed; 400,000 lbs spring California at 19@37c; 35,000 lbs fall do on private terms; 125,000 lbs super and X pulled at 40@54c; 50,000 lbs scoured at 50@08c; 6000 lbs tub washed at 50@53c; and 2000 lbs sundries at 30@45c per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—The demand for Flour is dull with a limited demand for all kinds; we quote: Western Superfine at $5 75@5 25; common extras at $6 00@6 50; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $6 50@7 50; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at $7 00@8 00; Illinois at $7 00@8 50; St. Louis at $7 25@9 25 ⅌ bbl. Southern Flour is quiet at $6 00@9 25 ⅌ bbl. for common extras and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at $7 50@9 25 ⅌ bbl. Corn is quiet at 85@88c ⅌ bush. for mixed and yellow. Oats are firm at 50@65c ⅌ bush for mixed and white. Rye 1.15@1 15 ⅌ bush. Shorts, Fine Feed and Middlings at $25@28 ⅌ ton.

PROVISIONS—Pork is steady; sales at $17 00@16 50 for prime; $22 00@23 00 for mess $25 00@26 50 ⅌ bbl. for clear. Beef ranges from $10 00@12 00 mess and extra mess, and $17 00@17 50 ⅌ bbl. for family. Lard 14½@15c ⅌ lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams 15@15½c ⅌ lb. Butter sells at 20@30c ⅌ lb. and Cheese from 8@12c ⅌ lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE—Eggs have been in demand at 19@20c, and choice lots of Eastern at 21c per doz. Medium Beans are scarce and in demand, with sales at $2 15@2 20 per bushel. $2 75@1 87½ per bushel—Potatoes are in good supply and in steady demand with sales at 45@50c per bushel from railroads, and $1 50@1 75 per bbl. Sweet Potatoes are selling at $2 50@4 per bbl, as to quality Apples range from $2 to $4 per bbl. Peaches have been arriving quite freely and of very superior quality. The sales have ranged from 85c@$1 50 per basket. Poultry ranges from 18@30c per lb, as to quality.

HAY—The demand is good and market firm, with sales of Eastern and Northern at $22@23 per ton for choice, and $17@21 per ton for medium grades. Rye Straw has been sold at $20 per ton.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.

COTTON—Sales 1453 bales—middling uplands $14⅛.

FLOUR—Sales 14,500bbls.—State $4 85@5 50; Round Hoop Ohio, $5 65@8 20; Western $4 85@5 50; Southern $5 80@8 50.

WHEAT—Sales 176,000 bush. No. 2 Milwaukie, $1 37@1 36; No. 1, $1 42@1 42; No. 1, Chicago, $1 09@1 09; No. 2, $1 26@1 33; No. 2, Mixed, $1 44; No. 3, $1 42@1 40 Winter Red, $1 44@1 45; Amber, $1 45@1 48; No. 1, Iowa, $1 29@1 36; White Michigan, $1 50@1 5; Winter Western, $1 35@1 38.

CORN—Sales 21,000 bushels. Western 70@80.

OATS—Sales 74,000 bushels—Western 60@62.

PORK—Sales 200 bbls. New Mess, $21 00@21 00.

LARD—Steam, 13¾c; Kettle, 14c.

SUGAR—Refining, 8@8½; Porto Rico, $7½; Cuba, $7¼; Havana White, 9½.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.

Gold opened at 114¼ and closed at 114⅛.

Money was easy at 1½@2 per cent. on call.

United States Sixes (coupons) 1881 122⅛; 5.20's 1862, —; 1864, 116½; 1865, 118; 1865 (January and July), 118; 1867, 119½; 1868, 120; New 5's, 117; 10.40's (coupons), 116¾; Currency, 123.

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, Sept. 2.

APPLES—Common cooking, 50@60c; choice eating, 80@1 00; dried, 7½@10c ⅌ lb.

BUTTER—Market well supplied at 25@30c.

BEANS—$2 00@2 25 for Pea; Yellow Eyes $2 50.

CHEESE—New domestic and factory 12@13c.

FLOUR—Superfine to common extra $6 50@7 50; Good brands at $7 50@8 00; choice Western $8 50; St. Louis favorite brands $9 00@11 00.

GRAIN—Corn 95@1 00; Oats 70 cts.; Barley, 80c @1 00.

HAY—Sales of new hay, choice quality, $12@$14.

HONEY—Choice box honey 30@35c. per lb.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides, 6c; calf skins, 12@; lamb skins 50@75c.

LIME—$1.35@$1 35 ⅌ cask.

MEAL—Corn 95@$1.00; rye $1 75 ⅌ bushel.

PRODUCE—New potatoes, 40 cts per bushel; eggs 18; lard 18c.

SHORTS—$1.75 per 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork, $28@30, ⅌ 200 lbs; beef ⅌ side 10@11c; round hog 9@10c; ham 14@16c; turkeys 17@20c; veals 7@8c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 10@11c; fowls, 15@18; geese 15c; spring chickens, 18@22.

WOOL—Dull and but little doing. Sales slow at 35@40c.

WOOD—Mill wood, delivered, $4 ⅌ cord.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 1.

APPLES—are selling at $3.00@5.00 ⅌ bbl. Dried 8@11

BUTTER—Selling at 25@30c for family. Store, from 20@25c ⅌ lb.

BEANS—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $2 50@2 75; yellow eyes, $2 75@3 00.

CHEESE—Factory is selling at 12½@13½c ⅌ lb.; Vermont and New York Dairy, 12½@11½.

FISH—We quote large shore $4 75@5 00; large bank $5 00@5 25; small $3 50@4 00; pollock $3 00@3 75; hake $2 75@2 50 ⅌ qtl; herring $3 50@4 50 ⅌ bbl; scaled, ⅌ box, 25@30c; mackerel ⅌ bbl—Bay No. 3 to No. 1 $7 00@8 00; Shore Nos. 1 and 2, $7 00@18 50.

FLOUR—We quote Superfine, $5 50@5 75; Spring X and XX, $6 25@7 75; Michigan Winter X and XX, $7 50@8 25; Illinois X and XX, $7 50@9 50; St. Louis X and XX, $7 50@9 75.

GRAIN—We quote mixed Corn at 91@92 and yellow 92@94. Oats are worth 70@75c, fine feed at $35 ⅌ ton, and shorts at $27@30 ⅌ ton.

HAY—Loose, $12 00@14 00 ⅌ ton for prime. Pressed selling at $15 00@17 00. Baled Straw $10@12 ⅌ ton for prime.

LARD—⅌ Tierce, 14@15¼ lb; per keg 14½@15c; pail 16@16½c.

PLASTER—White, ⅌ ton, $3 00; blue $2 75; ground in bbls $8 00@9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75@3 00.

PRODUCE—We quote beef side at 9@13c; veal 8@10; mutton 12@13c; chickens 15@18c; turkeys 18@20c; eggs 19@21c; potatoes 40c ⅌ bush; onions $3 50@$4.00 ⅌ bbl. Round hogs, 8@9.

PROVISIONS—We quote as follows: Mess beef, Chicago, $12 00@13 50; plate $15 00; extra plate $16 50@18 pork backs, $27 50@27 00; clear, $26 50@26 50; mess $23 00@23 00. Hams 14@15c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 1.

BEANS—Yellow eyes $2 00@2 50 ⅌ bush; Pea Beans $2 00@2 50.

BUTTER—Is worth from 20@25c ⅌ lb, best quality a trifle higher.

EGGS—Selling at 18@17c ⅌ dozen.

HAY—Best qualities loose sell at $12 00@14 00 ⅌ ton Pressed $13@15.00.

GRAIN—Oats are now worth 70@75c ⅌ bush; corn $0 90@98 ⅌ bush.

POTATOES—40 per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Good fresh beef, by the side worth 9@12c ⅌ lb; round hogs 10@10½c; mutton 6@8c; lamb 8@10c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Lamb pelts 75@90 cents each. Hides 5@5½c ⅌ lb. Veal skins 12½c ⅌ lb.

WOOL—Selling dull at 30@40c per lb.

☞The Postmaster Gen'l has addressed the following letter to the proprietors of the Maine *Standard*, in answer to their complaint that their paper has been tampered with in the mails:

"GENTLEMEN: Your favor of the 28th is at hand and noted. You state that the Maine *Standard*, mailed to the regular subscribers, has been opened in the postoffice and republican campaign documents folded inside and delivered to the subscribers, and ask if such conduct is to be tolerated by the department. In reply, I have to say that such action is in direct violation of the rules of the department, of decency, and of the proprieties of official positions. If you will present the proof that any officer or employee has been guilty of the offence charged, he shall be at once discharged, and I hereby request you to do so, in order that immediate action may be taken.

Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) MARSHALL JEWELL.

A NEW POLITICAL PARTY. A few persons assembled at the Parker House, Boston, last week and organized a new political party. R. H. Conwell was elected President of the meeting, and a resolution was adopted declaring themselves a new party on a platform of reconciliation of the South, honesty and economy, increase of duties on luxuries or "protection," subordination of corporations and monopolies, and a resumption of specie payment at as early a day as consistent.

DEATH OF COMMODORE GREEN WALDEN. Commodore Green Walden, a retired officer of the Revenue Service, died at his residence near Cape Cottage, Cape Elizabeth, early Sunday morning. He has been in the service from his boyhood until about 1857, when he went on to the retired list, and has since that time been living at the Cape. He has been captain of all the revenue cutters at Portland since he entered the service until he retired. His death was quite sudden, and his age 78 years. He leaves a wife and two children.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

London, Aug. 28. The Times, in reviewing the corn Market for the week, says that grains are held firmly, but there has been but little business. Imports and deliveries by home growers have been large. The country markets are very irregular at declines of from one to four shillings per quarter. Prices in the French markets are lower. The foot and mouth disease is spreading among cattle in Cumberland and Aberdeenshire.

London, Aug. 30. Later advices have been received from West Greenland. The Alert and Discovery had arrived at Disco after a pleasant passage from England.

Both sailed from Rittenbeck, July 17, for Upernavick. All on board well. Preparations had been made for pushing on as far north as possible in the Alert, and for sledge expeditions beyond to the pole.

Dublin, Aug. 30. The Pope has conferred the grand cross of the order of St. Gregory on the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

France.

Paris, Aug. 28. It is semi-officially announced here that in consequence of the unanimous wish of France, there is now reason to hope that the Catholics of Germany will make no pilgrimage in France.

Spain.

Perpignan, Aug. 27. Seo d' Urgel has capitulated. The Alfonsist army occupied the forts this morning. The garrison were made prisoners of war and were taken to Puycerda. The Bishop of Seo d' Urgel was also taken to Puycerda as a prisoner of war.

Madrid, Aug. 28. Gen. Martinez Campos telegraphed on Thursday night that the forts of Seo d' Urgel had surrendered, and that the citadel would surrender the next day.

The Council has decided to send 12,000 troops to Cuba by September 29 and 10,000 more in October. Transports have been chartered.

London, Aug. 30—6 A. M. A special despatch to the Daily News from Boury La Dame says the formal surrender of Seo d' Urgel occurred on Friday.

The Citadel was handed over to the Alphonsists on Saturday; 50 Carlists were killed and 100 wounded.

During the siege 800 prisoners were taken, including 300 officers. General Jovellar has asked pemission to return to Cuba. He considers his presence no longer necessary.

Rome, Aug. 30. The Voce Della Vertia says, editorially, that the capitulation of Seo d' Urgel may determine Don Carlos to disband his forces and await a more favorable period to renew the struggle.

Germany.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, Aug. 28. The editor of the Frankfurter Zeitung was sent to prison to-day for refusing to testify as to the authorship of certain articles, the publication of which was in violation of the press laws.

Mr. Leopold Sonneman, editor and proprietor of Frankfort Zeitung, who was arrested to-day, is a member of the German Parliament. Five other editors of that paper are already imprisoned.

Russia.

London, Aug. 30—6 A. M. A Berlin despatch to the Times says a force of Russians has taken the field against Khokand.

The rebellion has spread to the southern districts of Russian Turkestan. The town of Kohjend is in the hands of the insurgents whose priest are proclaiming a holy war against the infidels.

China.

Shanghai, Aug. 28. Mr. Wade, the British minister, when recently visiting the Department of Secretaries of State, was kept waiting in an anteroom by Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of Pekin, and one of the Secretaries of State. Mr. Wade was offended and withdrew. The Viceroy apologized immediately and nothing serious followed.

Turkey.

Constantinople, Aug. 26. The Grand Vizier has resigned and will be succeeded by Mehemed.

Vienna, Aug. 26. The Herzegovina insurgents have burned the towns of Foeniza and Rorito. They also captured 400 Turkish troops whom they disarmed and released.

Ragusa, Aug. 28. Mehemed Ali has been appointed commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces in Herzegovina and Bosmer, Server Pash, Extraordinary Commissioner of the Porte, passed here yesterday going to Kleek, with troops and artillery. Representatives of the foreign powers will meet at Mostar and attempt a pacification.

London, Aug. 30. The Berlin correspondent of the Times telegraphs that Northern Bosnia is in full rebellion against the Porte. The insurgents of Herzegovina have established a national government. Montenegro and Servia are actively preparing for war. The official press of Montenegro does not conceal its sympathy with the government.

Holland.

The Hague, Aug. 30. The Institute of International Law has approved the three rules of the treaty of Washington as a basis for defining the duties of neutral States.

Tripoli.

Malta, Aug 27. The United States steamer Hartford left Tripoli yesterday, arrived at Malta this evening, and proceeded to Memel on his way homeward.

The Dominion.

New York, Aug. 28. A Montreal special says that Charles A. Church has been arrested there and held in $10,000 on the charge of defrauding Jaffray & Co. of New York. Church was formerly of Boston.

San Domingo.

Havana, Aug. 28. Another revolution has begun in San Domingo. Ex-President Baez has been proclaimed President by the revolutionists. The cities of Santo Domingo and Puerto Plata remain loyal to Gonzales. Captain General Valmaseda has sent a Spanish man-of-war to protect Spanish citizens at San Domingo.

☞The Mormon citizens of Beaver, Utah, have tendered a public reception to John D. Lee, who has lately been on trial for complicity in the Mountain Meadow Massacre. Lee was acquitted by the disagreement of the jury made up in part of Mormons, but he was not acquitted by the country before whom he, and the heads of the Mormon church, were really on trial. The country believed him guilty and the action of the Mormons at Beaver in tendering this reception will hasten the crisis which must prove the overthrow of Mormonism.

REPORTED MURDER. Thursday morning while Gibb's menagerie was getting under way for Bathurst, N. B., three men crawled up within fifty yards of the tent occupied by the canvass men and shortly afterwards fired two shot guns at the men engaged in getting the wagons ready, instantly killing Wm. Spearing of Calais, Me., and dangerously wounding Amos Wayne of Liverpool. After firing, the men ran towards the shore, their tracks being seen after they jumped over the cliff. The sheriff and a large posse, with the coroner, immediately left in search for the murderers. The only reason known for the murder is a dispute between the circus men and some roughs trying to gain admittance without paying.

☞Friday afternoon a man was found on the street in Bangor in a delirious state and shouting frantically. He was taken in charge by Constable Quimby and taken to the station house where his condition grew rapidly worse. It was ascertained that his name was P. J. Caffrey. During the day he was taken to the residence of friends who were apprised of the facts, but his death occurred soon after. The *Whig* learns that the deceased was about 30 years of age, a Catholic priest at Waterville, and had received a fine education in France. Services were held in St. John's church Saturday morning over the remains which were taken to Waterville on the train.

☞Constable Homer, at Jamaca, Long Island, last week, while riding in a lonely place, had his horse seized on the highway. Homer fired, and the man fell. He got out of the carriage, which by the restiveness of the horse had been partially upset, and the corpse lay in the middle of the road. Hearing whistles in the road, and swamps on both sides of the road, Homer got into his carriage and drove to Jamaica, and returned with a coroner, but the body, which was stiff and lifeless when he left it, had been taken away by the other thieves.

☞The Patten *Tribune* learns that the Jewett and Pitcher scrip will be redeemed at par within one year. It is well known that steps have been taken to place the property of the insolvent firms into the hands of trustees, and now the intention is to pay all the small sums of indebtedness less than $200, of the companies, and also redeem the scrip, within the next year, and after that all the larger bills except railroad bills.

ICELAND. An article in the London *Times* explains why the Icelanders have appealed to English charity and also the movement on foot for a general emigration to Alaska:

Since the eruption of 1783, which covered with lava and ashes a region larger than most English counties, and killed or doomed to starvation a fifth of its population, Iceland has known no calamity so terrible as that which fell upon it on Easter Monday, March 29, 1875, let it be remembered, to begin with what a volcanic eruption in Iceland means. Iceland is a desert, fringed along the more level parts of the seaboard by a belt of pasture land. Nor is this desert simply a Scotch or Irish moor, nor yet a deer forest; it is a district doomed to sterility, not, indeed, by game laws, but by laws even more inexorable; frost and fire have made it their own. The wealth of the people consists—since the time of the first colonists, who raised corn and crops that will not ripen now—in sheep and cattle, and to some extent in horses. Hay-producing fields, and pasture-yielding mountains and valleys, are here the ultimate conditions of human life. Every farm-house has attached to it an enclosure of grass land, generally covered with hillocks a foot or a foot and a half high. If the hay-crop fails, if the cattle cannot be kept alive, this means, for the Icelanders, famine and disease.

The details of the disaster which befell in March will now be more easily understood. Volcanic activity had, since 1867, been showing itself in various places in and about the ice region of the Vatna Jokull, but without doing much mischief. Last spring this volcanic activity concentrated itself in a particular district—that of the so-called wilds of Myvatn. Sporadic eruptions, accompanied by great earthquakes and dust-haze in the sky, broke out in many places, and at night the whole country-side stood in a blaze of smoke and fire. Two points, at a considerable distance from each other, have been the capital furnaces of the eruption in Myvatn. On Easter Monday, March 29 last, early in the morning, loud rumbling noises were heard from the southerly crater. The air was heavy and jet black towards the north and northeast. About 9 o'clock gray scoriaceous sand began to fall from the sky, a dark column moved on nearer and nearer, the darkness grew deeper, and and with it the hail scoriæ thickened. About 11 a. m., candles had to be lighted in the houses; by noon the blackness was so dense that out of doors a man could not distinguish the fingers of his hand at a few inches from the eye. This utter darkness lasted from about noon to one p. m. During this time, windows seemed to one within the house like mirrors, reflecting any object on which the light fell, as if they had been coated on the outside with quicksilver. Meanwhile ashes and sand were falling thick and fast. The air was so charged with electricity that if an iron spike were held out at the door it seemed to blaze, and the thunderclaps chased each other in rapid echoes across the sky. When the darkness wore off, about 4 p. m., the shower of ashes abated. Then it was seen that the layer of ashes and scoriæ that covered the earth was from 1 1-2 to 8 inches deep—coarsest where thickest, in many places showing pumice boulders twice as big as a man's fist.

The last mail from Iceland brings the tidings that the more northerly, also, of the two craters was lately pouring molten lava over what were once summer pastures. But it is from the desolated by the more southerly eruption of March that the saddest accounts reach us. This district includes the two most fertile valleys in Iceland, as well as six thriving communities, covering an area, with the adjacent pastures of about 3000 square miles. A few hours of day turned into night were enough to cover this whole tract with a thick crust of pumice-stone and ashes which chokes all verdure; fields and fells alike are barren, and for years the choicest pastures, in Iceland—the small valleys, river courses, dells and deans—will be ash-heaps without a blade of grass for sheep to nibble at.

The immediate result will be that pasture and grass failing, the greater part of the sheep and cattle will have to be killed for food. Cows and ewes in strange pastures will not yield much milk in Iceland, and next winter the supply of milk in each household will probably be barely suffice for the tender children. Meanwhile, the people will be living chiefly on salt meat. Scorbutic disease has been their scourge in past seasons of famine, and that is one of the things they most dread for next winter, as they will lack the usual store of antiscorbutic nourishment—butter, sour curd and whey. The health of the people next winter depends chiefly on saving the cows. This is the special object of the appeal to England. We are asked to subscribe only enough to warrant those interested in the matter in chartering a vessel and sending it out to Iceland laden with grain suitable for fodder and food.

THE DEAD BANKER. William C. Ralston late president of the Bank of California, was a native of New York state, and was about 50 years old. Before he reached the age of manhood he began life for himself, his first experience being as a steamboatman on the Mississippi. In 1849 he formed the acquaintance of Commodore C. K. Garrison, then one of America's kings of finance, and soon afterward embarked with that gentleman in the banking business on the Isthmus of Darien. In 1855, after a prosperous career on the Isthmus, Mr. Ralston and his partner established a banking house in San Francisco, Commodore Garrison becoming the figurehead of the concern. From 1857 until 1864, the career of the house was exceptionably prosperous, and in the next year, Mr. Ralston, aided by many capitalists whose confidence he had gained, established the Bank of California, capital $2,000,000. Afterward the capital was increased to $5,000.000. Last spring, Mr. Ralston, under a pressure of pecuniary difficulties, sold his share of the great Palace Hotel, to Senator Sharon, and recently he transferred his title to 25 sections of land to J. D. Fry, a fellow director in his bank, for $90,000—a sum which was considered as ludicrously low. Mr. Ralston's private fortune was recently estimated at $20,000,000.

Mr. Ralston was of medium height, compactly built, with a good breadth of shoulder, a high, capacious forehead, thin, firmly-set lips, and oval, well-shaped face, good features, a steel gray eye, and a great expression of concentration and extreme mental activity. In manner he was curt, generally brief of speech and to the point, but able upon occasion to state his views in their fullness with felicity, strength and nervous vigor of language. In habit, Mr. Ralston exhibited intense application to business and excessive industry. He was a brief sleeper, and during most of his working hours devoted himself to the details of his vast official business—besides his considerable private affairs, which should suffice to keep most men busy—with all his tremendous energy. His despatch of business was somewhat marvellous, and the popular belief in his infallibility amounted to a superstition. His opinion of men, business prospects and in financial matters generally, was considered conclusive. His personal power in the states and territories of the Pacific was great. The influence of the corporation of which he was chief officer was felt everywhere.

Mr. Ralston in 1858 married a brilliant and accomplished niece of J. D. Fry, by whom he had several children. The country residence of Mr. Ralston was situated about 22 miles south of the city, in a charming valley known as "Diablo Canyon." Much has been said, from time to time, of the magnificence, luxury and beauty of Mr. Ralston's private residence, located at Diablo Canyon, which is one of the most beautiful valleys in California, and as a location for a country residence is certainly unsurpassed on the continent.

Visitors to California, if prominent men, whether lawyers, lecturers, editors, congressmen, distinguished foreigners, financiers or business men, did not consider that they had seen the institutions of the country unless they had visited the magnificent bank building, and had been entertained at the princely country seat of Mr. Ralston, at Belmont, Santa Clara Valley, not far from San Francisco. It contains a splendid music hall and all the appointments of a palace, and cost over $250,000.

A CONTRADICTORY CHARACTER.—The English artist Turner, was the most popular artist of his day, but his social preferences were strangely antagonistic to his genius. He spent his leisure hours in resorting to the lowest haunts in London. For years he was known by a false name at a porter house, where he was looked upon as a distinguished partron. Here he would sit with mug and pipe, enjoying the vulgar gossip of the depraved, who little dreamed of the true name and employment of this magnate of low dissipation. Beauty and the beast is not an uncommon feature in genius, as is shown by such characters as Rousseau and Byron.

JOSEPH A. EVANS at Clifton, N. B. thus writes. "I believe, under kind Providence, that Mr. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites has been the means of restoring both my wife and daughter. The latter from Tubercular Consumption, and I hope the afflicted will avail themselves of its use."

WILLIAM MORGAN. The story of the disappearance of William Morgan who was supposed by many, to have been killed by the Freemasons, having been revived by the letter of Mr. Weed, the St. Paul River *Press* publishes the following interesting, though somewhat doubtful story, concerning Morgan's fate. We copy the letter entire:

"Perhaps I can throw more light upon the fate of Morgan than any other person living. Prior to 1827, the time of his disappearance, my father, then a young man, formed his acquaintance, and knew him well. In the year 1827 or '28, my father went eastward as far as Great Falls, N. H., where he remained a few years. Here he married, and here he experienced religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Feeling a deep love for the cause he had so lately espoused, he determined to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of Christ and humanity. With this object in view, he entered the ministry and started as a missionary for the wilds of Northern Maine, which then was just being opened to civilization. Arriving at Houlton, Me., he decided to locate there and enter at once upon his work; and here he resided for a number of years. In 1848, he went still further north and settled at Fort Fairfield. This part of Maine was then an unbroken wilderness, save a few straggling settlements that were many miles apart. In these missionary labors, he visited these settlements from Sabbath to Sabbath.

Upon one of these routes that he traveled through the forest, guided only by trees that were blazed to mark the way, stood a solitary cabin, with but a lonely occupant, a man well advanced in years. The cabin as well as the little clearing around it showed marks of age, and led one to the conclusion that the occupant had long been a denizen of these wilds. With this strange old man my father often tarried and passed many pleasant hours while resting his weary limbs. Not only the hermit, but the cabin excited his wonder and astonishment, being built in a very unique manner and constructed without the use of nails or anything else save what he could get from the forests. In conversation with this strange creature, the conviction gradually forced itself upon my father that he had seen him before—but when and where? Those questions he could not answer at once, but the truth finally flashed upon him that this lonely old man was none other than the friend of his early years, William Morgan. With this truth pressing upon him he resolved to keep it secret for a while until he should make himself doubly sure of the fact by watching him closely and by tracing the resemblance if any existed between this old man and young Morgan. Thus the hermit all unaware that his true identity was suspected by any one, my father watched and studied until he had not a shadow of doubt but what this was the veritable William Morgan, who, it was alleged, the Masons had murdered so many years before.

Upon making inquiry of those in the settlement of those who came there first, they stated that they knew nothing about him only this, that when they came he was there. He told some of his discovery, which soon reached the ears of the hermit, when he silently and unknown to any one, departed in the darkness of night; none knew where, but doubtless to seek anew some secluded spot where he could remain in solitude undisturbed by brother man. When William Morgan was abducted by his brother Masons and carried to Fort Niagara he doubtless escaped from their hands, and fearing that his life would pay the forfeit for his dastardly outrage against the Masonic fraternity, if seen again by one of their number, he fled here to the boundless forests of Northern Maine. And here he had lived all these years, his only companions the birds of the air and the wild beasts of the forest. His wants that he could not supply from the soil and from the game that is very abundant in those parts were probably met by visiting the settlements of the French refugees, upon the St. John's River. The life he led here must have, indeed, been a singular and a lonely one; and doubtless the first years of his life were full of terror, of fear and disquietude. At the rustle of every leaf and the breaking of every twig, he would fancy an assassin was creeping upon him to strike him down, but as the years stole by, this feeling gave way to one of greater security and safety, till at last, like Selkirk, he would feel that he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

My father died in 1857, but the foregoing facts were received at the time from his own lips, and they can be relied upon as being strictly true. He knew the hermit to be William Morgan, and this is conclusive evidence to me that Morgan was not murdered by the Masons, but that he led a lonely exile's life, and that if he is now dead he has died a natural death. But some may ask if this be true, why was it not made public before. This is readily answered. At that time there was no paper published nearer my father than 150 miles, and reporters were not quite so thick in these forests as musquitos were, and my father not being a newspaper correspondent, it is easy to perceive why it did not find its way into public print. I decided, a number of years ago, to make these facts public when anything occurred to call them out, and as this seems to be a proper time, I send them forth to your readers and to the world.

Yours truly, A. P. ROGERS.

☞A sad casualty occurred at Hopkinton, Mass., Monday. Mrs. Ryan, a widow lady, has a family of six children. Monday morning her son Morris, aged 16, took a loaded gun and started down stairs to shoot a cat. Just as he began descending the stairs, a sister named Mary, 15 years old, who did not want him to kill the cat, caught him by the shoulder and pulled him back. The gun dropped from his hand, falling on the stairs and sliding down them. On the third step the hammer caught and snapped the cap, exploding the gun. The muzzle was pointing up stairs where the boy and his sister were standing with two other sisters, and the charge, which was of large shot, took deadly effect among them. The elder sister was struck in the face and instantly killed. Another younger sister was struck in the temple, while the other shot took effect in the leg of the boy, Morris, and in the arm of the third sister. Surgical aid was at once summoned, but the two girls who had been struck in the head were far beyond the reach of help. The wounds of the other two were attended to and they are doing well.

☞Santo Domingo is once more enlivened by a revolution. Baez, has been proclaimed President, and only two or three important cities remain true to Gonzales. Since the overthrow and expulsion of Baez, in 1873, he has probably been waiting for an opportunity to put himself at the head of the mal-contents who are usually ready for a plot against the government of the republic. About a year ago Baez made an abortive attempt to create a rising; this time he has been more successful, and has apparently secured power enough to give him at least a temporary hold on the Presidency.

THE NEW TOWN HALL AT AYER. This elegant structure is now complete. In beauty of design it surpasses anything of its kind in the State. Constructed of brick and dark marble it is as permanent as it is charming. The English architects have adorned it, in subdued colors, which please without tiring the eye. Dr. J. C. Ayer built and gave it to the town in acknowledgment of the distinction they confered upon him in taking his name Although it is a generous gift, still the hearty good wishes of a whole people are of greater value, and the generous donor has doubtless secured them.—*Groton (Mass.) Journal.*

☞A young man who left for the Black Hills a few months ago to dig gold, writes home that unless a relief society is organized there right away to dispense tobacco and beer, he will starve to death. He works fourteen hours a day and averages 75 cents a week. When at home, getting $2.50 per day for ten hours work, he struck for $3 and eight hours. His demand was refused, and he thought he could do better in the Black Hills.

☞The death of ex-Governor Weller of California revives this anecdote of him:

"Weller was once unfortunate enough to be caught in a shipwreck. Arriving at San Francisco he was asked by a sympathizing friend if he had lost much. "Lost everything, sir," said Weller, "everything but my reputation." "Governor," said the friend, "you travel with less baggage than any one I ever saw."

☞There is a dead-lock between the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, respecting the case of the Pomeroy boy. The Council refuses to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life, and Gov. Gaston says that while he is chief magistrate, he will not sign a warrant condemning a mere boy to be hanged. The status of Pomeroy will therefore probably remain unchanged until there comes a change of administration.

☞Queen Victoria refuses to accept the resignation of Col. Baker, though she has been earnestly besought to do so by his party friends. The result of this action is that the insulter of an unprotected woman loses the value of his commission, which, together with other incidental losses and costs, amounts to fully $75,000.

MURDER OF MR. NOE. The following is an account of the recent murder in New York, by a burglar, of which we gave a brief notice in a former paper:

James H. Noe, for many years an extensive brush manufacturer at No. 275 Greenwich street near Warren, New York city, was on Sunday attacked in his store by a burglar, and received injuries which are believed to be fatal.

A new building is in course of construction next door to No. 275 Greenwich street, and as its walls have reached the level of the adjoining roof, Mr. Noe and his sons had lately been apprehensive that a burglar might gain access through this to the scuttle of their manufactory. In their stock is a large quantity of feathers used in brush making which are valued at $10 per pound, and they knew that thousands of dollars' worth could be easily removed.

For these reasons Mr. Noe, who is fifty-five years of age, left his house, No. 51 King street, early Sunday morning, in order to see that all was secure at his place of business. He entered the manufactory a little before 8 o'clock, and locked the door behind him. His attention was immediately attracted to a peculiar noise overhead, and on mounting to the floor he found that some one was forcing open the scuttle.

Just as the scuttle was opened Mr. Noe, who was unarmed, sprang up the steps to the flat roof and seized the burglar, whom he dragged down into the room. The robber, at first overcome by the suddenness of assault, quickly drew a "jimmy" from his sleeve, with which he struck Mr. Noe on the head. The latter then attempted to seize a "paint iron"—an instrument of some five pounds' weight—which lay on a workman's bench near the foot of the scuttle stairs.

The burglar was quicker, however, and secured the weapon, with which he felled Mr. Noe to the floor, striking him other terrible blows as he dropped. He then bound him, hand and foot, with a strong cord, and attempted to gag him, but the gag fell out of Mr. Noe's mouth. The robber then rifled his victim of $25 in money and a gold watch and chain valued at about $500.

Blood from Mr. Noe's head having stained his assailant's hands, the latter washed them in a pail of water. Mr. Noe begged him for a drink of water, but the man said he could not stop, as "it was twenty years if he was caught." The robber then left, after threatening to return and kill Mr. Noe if he made an outcry.

The wounded man finally called for help, and was released by a woman, Mrs. Harris, who lived in the top story of a tenement house near by, and made her way to him across the roofs. She assisted him down into the street, where a policeman took him in charge and conveyed him to the Chambers street hospital.

It was found that Mr. Noe's skull was badly fractured, and that his head bore seven cuts which penetrated the scalp. He has since died.

☞Smuggler in his race against time at Medford, Saturday, trotted a mile in 2:21.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &C.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &C.

These pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all Druggists.

What can the sufferings from bladder, glandular and Bright's disease of the kidneys, require more than prompt relief and a speedy cure. This is positively accomplished by partaking of *Hunt's Remedy*, which also attacks and subdues pain in the side, loins and back, gravel, diabetes, dropsy, female irregularities and complaints of the urino-genital organs in either sex. Family physicians regularly prescribe it in preference to all other medicines.

PURE MEDICINES.—The public are hereby cautioned against impure medicines, as every artifice is being used to force imitations upon the sick. Dealers in medicines especially, are warned against selling an imitation of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, put up in the same style of bottle. The true article bears the signature of "L. F." Atwood, as well as the trade mark L. F. in Red Ink, large letters.

N. B.—Parties aiding the sale of the imitation are liable to immediate arrest. 21tf

Confessions of a Victim!

Published as a warning and for the benefit of Young Men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood, etc., giving his rules of Self-Cure, after undergoing much suffering and expense, and mailed free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 153, Brooklyn, N. Y. 6m31

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without. 1y30

Married.

In Augusta, Aug. 28, William C. Watson to Carrie S. Dunn, both of Manchester; Sept. 1, Arno Bittues to Maud Ransom.

In Brighton, June 2, Dexter S. Foss, to Emma N. Hussey both of Athens.

At Brookside, Truro, N. S., Aug. 24, George W. Caston esq., of Boston, to Cassie L. Cook.

In Burnham, Aug. 21, Oshea B. Whitten to Lizzie Lasselle.

In Bethel, Aug. 15, William D. Mills to Emma F Mason.

In Belfast, Aug. 23, Pliny M. Jones of Bloomington, Ill., to Fannie L. Levenseller; Aug. 21, Samuel J. Clifford of Stockton to George A. Knowlton; Aug, 24, Geo. W. Richards to Williette Wentworth of Waldo; Aug. 21, D. E. Nason to Fannie Chase.

In Bridgewater, July—Samuel S. Close to Isabel C. Bradstreet; Chas. Campbell to Mary I. White of Gordonsville, N. B.; Aug. 13, Geo. L. Williams to Hannah B. Ackerson; Aug. 18, Fred Burns to Annie Bell Mcpherson of Blaine.

In Berwick, Aug. 14, Ebenezer Wadleigh to Mrs. Julia Dore, both of South Berwick.

In Canton, Aug. 19, Samuel A. Russell to Ella A. Holland.

In China, Aug. 13, Llewellyn E. Jackson to Ella Estes.

In Carartunk, Aug. 8, Celia Cavano to Mary Martin.

In Cornville, Thomas Teutish to Ella A. Parsons both of Skowhegan.

In Calais, Aug. 24, Arthur Perkins of Portland to Hannah M. Reed.

In Dexter, Aug. 21, William McMurry of Parkman, to Mary L. Holt.

In East Hebron, Aug. 20, Otis Gilman to Emma Ricker.

In East Rumford, Aug. 19, Lewis A. Thomas to Marianna Reed of Mexico.

In Eastport, Charles W. Griffin to Maggie J. Basset; Aug. 22, James E. Catherine to Mary E. Tall.

In Fairfield, Aug. 24, Ivory Merell to Mary Gurnie.

In Gardiner, Charles E. Otis of Pittston, to Lizzie S. Spear of Boston.

In Great Falls, N. B., Aug. 15, Wm. G. Monson of Wells, to Melissa Guptil of Berwick; Aug. 15, Walter S. Howard to Elizabeth A. Cooper both of Berwick.

In Houlton, Aug. 9, Eben Nye Conillard of Winterport, to Nettie Estina Carpenter of Richmond, N. B.,

In Island Falls, July 1, B. H. Towle of Sherman, to Mary Craig.

In Limington, Aug. 14, David H. Elliot of Baldwin to Cordelia H Berry.

In Lowell, Mass., Aug. 11, Hiram Paige to Addie E. Eastman of Belfast.

In Moscow, Aug. 28, James A. Fentiman to Ella J. Thompson.

In North Sidney, Aug. 2, Rodolphus P. S. Jackson of Solon, to Jennie Cottle.

New Sharon, Aug. 22, Nelson Gilbert to Anna Dennis, both of New Portland.

In Northport, Aug. 26, Austin J. Hardy to Minnie M. Dawes, both of Carmel.

In Portland, Aug. 25, Edward Lowry Woodruff to May Bateman, both of New York.

In Pembroke, Aug. 19, Lemuel Cobb of Portland, to Ella Spofford.

In Paris Aug. 26, George H. Andrews to Deliah H. Starbird, both of Summer.

In Presque Isle, Aug. 22, Simon F. Ireland to

In Patten Aug. 6, Christopher C. Coburn of Crystal to Fancy J. More; Aug. 7, John G. Kelso of Island Falls to Addie M. Burton of Linneus.

Frances M. Whittaker.

Rockland, Aug. 21, A. H. Paul to Nancy J. Snow of South Thomaston.

In South Woodstock, Aug. 24, Chancellor F. Ethridge to Adrianna Whitman, both of Bryants' Pond.

In Starks, Aug. 1, Frank E. Tuttle to Etta A. Dickerson, both of Mercer.

In Skowhegan, Aug. 25, E. B. Whittier of Cambridge, Mass., to A. Nettie Jacobs.

In South Harrison, Aug. 22, Orren Edson to Margaret M. Smith.

In Waterville, Aug. 24, James Lowe to Laura E. Drummond.

Died.

In Augusta, Aug. 28, Mrs Sarah C., widow of John K. Kelsey, aged 80 years; Aug. 23, Laura Peters, widow of John Connor, of Portland, aged 66½ years; Aug. 29 Mary P. Ames, of Portland, aged 70½ years; Aug. 30, Lydia Russell, wife of Ira Kilgore, formerly of Newry, aged 63 years.

In Alfred, Aug. 26, Martha J. Webber, aged 80 years.

In Albany, Aug. 15, Sarah C. Robins, formerly of Portland, aged 41 years.

In Brunswick, Aug. 14, Mrs. Jennie E. Ray, aged 26½ years.

In Buxton, Aug. 24, Joseph W. Goodwin, aged 57½ years.

In Belfast, Aug. 24, William Lewis, child of Dr. Lewis W. Pendleton, aged 8 months; Aug. 19, N. G. Prescott, aged 66½ years.

In Bangor, Aug. 25, Sidney F. Fifield, aged 45½ years; Aug. 25, Mrs. Rosina A. Whiting, aged 30½ years; Aug. 26, Samuel B. Field, Jr., aged 19½ years; Aug. 27, Ira Wadleigh, aged 80½ years.

In Cooper, Aug. 1, Asaph Sawyer Esq., aged 82.

In Cape Elizabeth, Aug. 25, Eddy, child of Wm. W. Skillin, aged 3 years; Aug. 30, Georgia E. daughter of George S. Jordan, aged 37½ years.

In Chesterville, Aug. 12, Mary J., wife of Joseph Balbon, aged 55½ years.

In Canton, Aug. 15, Mrs. Melvina Delano, aged 25 years.

In Camden, Aug. 23, Mary, daughter of Frank H. Holyoke of Rockland, aged nearly 2 years.

In Chelsea, Mass., Aug. 14, Capt. Joseph N. Haraden, of Gouldsboro.

In Dexter, Aug. 1, Lucy A., wife of Charles Flanagan, aged 26½ years; Aug; 19, Valentine Rollins, aged 90 years.

In Deering, Aug. 30, Nancy Elenor, daughter of Albert H. Woodford, aged 1½ years.

In Damariscotta, Aug. 5, Mrs. Tabitha Moody, aged 67 years.

In Eastport, Aug. 21, George Chandler, aged 20 years.

In East Stoneham, Aug. 3, Mary, wife of Oris Parker, aged 68 years.

In Farmington, Aug. 18, Mrs. Sarah D. Perry, aged 78½ years.

In Foxcroft, Aug. 14, Timothy Hazeltine, Esq., aged 86 years; Aug. 21, W. H. Ingalls, aged 50 years.

In Gardiner, Aug. 21, Wm. O'Brien, aged 59 years; Aug. 20, Mrs. Mary Stackpole, aged 68½ years.

In Grand Falls, N. B., Aug. 18, Eliza., wife of W. C. Burpee, aged 53 years.

In Hallowell, Aug. 31, James Sherburn, aged 77 years.

In Harrison, July 13, H. Issie, child of Wallace Kennerson, aged nearly 2 years.

In Knox, Aug. 13, Patience B., widow of David Sanborn of Waldo, aged 75½ years.

In North Bridgton, Aug. 27, Nath'l Osgood, aged 66 years.

In New Gloucester, Aug. 21, Howard C. Rowe, aged 29½ years.

In North Bradford, Aug. 5, Ellen R. Huntington, aged 30 years.

In North Yarmouth, Aug. 27, Mrs. Nath'l Sweetser aged 71 years.

In New Sharon, July 21, Clara E., daughter of Elizabeth H. Prince, aged 18 years.

In Portland, Aug. 24, Mark Cunningham, aged 68 years; Aug. 24, Sarah Parratt, aged 69½ years; Aug. 25, Abbie L., wife of O. B. Whitten Esq., aged 33 years; Aug. 25, Charles G Chamberlain, aged 31½ years; Aug. 25, Harriet P., widow of Bradbury Dearborn, aged 75½ years; Aug. 26, Mr. George F. Goldthwait, of Boston; Aug. 28, Eliza., widow of Jotham S. Grrnt, aged 65½ years.

In Pittsfield, Aug. 11, Hon. Going Hathorn, aged about 60 years.

In Parsonsfield, Aug. 22, Eleazer Flint, aged 76 years.

In Paris Aug. 20, Mrs. Polly Rawson, widow of Capt. Samuel Rawson, aged nearly 97 years.

In Palermo, Aug. 26, Benj. Worthing, aged 78 yrs.

In South Bridgton, Aug. 12, Alice., daughter of Wm. F. Fessenden, aged 6½ years.

In Saccarappa, Aug. 30, Sarah V. Pratt, aged 43½ years.

In Skowhegan, Aug. 23, Margaret H., daughter of Levi Weston, aged 2 years.

In St. George, Aug. 19, Mrs. Eliza A. Works, aged 25 years.

In South Thomaston, Aug. 23, Lucinda S., wife of Capt. Samuel Thayer, aged 50½ years.

In Vassalboro, Aug. 19, Mary S., wife of Samuel H. Parter, aged 43½ years.

In Waterford, Aug. 24, Sarah., wife of the late Hoyt Pingree, aged 85 years.

In Worcester, Mass., Aug. 13, E. G. Turner, formerly of Maine.

In Winterport, Aug. 24, Abbie M., daughter of Simeon Kenney, aged 21½ years.

In Wilton, Aug. 17, Lucinda., widow of Benj. Savage, aged 67 years.

In Warren, Aug. 22 Lizzie M., daughter of John C. Rines, aged 18½ years.

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TRADE MARK
IODIDE OF AMMONIA
Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises or Wounds of every kind in man or animal.

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To Male and Female Agents,
IN THEIR LOCALITY;
COSTS NOTHING TO TRY IT.
Particulars FREE.
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[Established 1830] SEND for New Price List, per doz., 100 or 1000, of Hardy Trees & Plants—Fruit & Ornamental, besides a select list of Specialties and Novelties.
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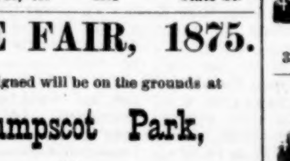

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THE P. K. DEDERICK PERPETUAL BALING PRESS

Requires but two horse power; and bales either hay or cotton without tramping or stopping. Thirty bales of hay per hour. Twenty bales of cotton per hour.

TO FARMERS!
FERTILIZER.
HAVING purchased the machinery formerly owned by the late B. Shaw, we are prepared to pulverize Bones at the shortest notice, or to exchange pulverized for whole Bones, at the mill formerly occupied by B. SHAW.
Gardiner, Aug. 27, 1875. DILLINGHAM & CO. 3m40

Jerseys for Sale.
THREE very fine A. J. C. C. Herd Register Bulls; one two years old and two calves. Also one H. R. cow, yearling, or heifer calf. Also a few Brown Leghorn chicks from premium stock.
40tf JAMES W. NORTH, JR., M. D.

Village Farm for Sale or Rent.
At Readfield Corner, Me., consisting of 16 acres of land, under good cultivation, and 19 of pasturage, supplied with running water. The premises contain a 2 story dwelling house with ell, a barn, carriage house and wood house. The location is a beautiful one for residence. The estate would well accommodate a physician. For further particulars apply on the premises to STORER PIERCE, Or to Emery Bean of Readfield, or to W. T. Johnson of Augusta. 4t40

EUREKA MACHINE SILK
From far and near the people came,
To buy Eureka's spool;
The makers of this famous silk
Live by the Golden Rule!

PRESCRIPTION FREE.
FOR the speedy cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretions or excesses. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address P. O. Box 2296, New York. 1y40

$57.60 Agents' Profit per week.
WILL prove it or forfeit $500. New articles are just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 267 Broadway, N. Y.

Girl Wanted.
A good experienced Girl to do general housework. Apply at MRS. A. B. FARWELL'S.
Augusta, Aug. 26, '75. 39tf State St.

STATE FAIR, 1875.
The undersigned will be on the grounds at
Presumpscot Park,
—ON—
Wednesday, Thursday & Friday,
SEPT. 8. 9 and 10.
—TO—
Rent and Locate Space for Tents, Side-Shows, Refreshment Stands, &c.
Parties interested will govern themselves accordingly. W. P. WINGATE.
Portland, Aug. 27, 1875. 2t39

STRAWBERRY PLANTS.
For Sale by C. R. GREENE, Cohasset, Mass. Plants set now will bear next June. Send for prices lists of Strawberry Plants and Small Fruits. Address
4t39 C. R. KEENE, *Cohasset, Mass.*

Portland Business College
The oldest in the State. Penmanship, and all the complete. For further L. A. Gray, A. M. 6m39
Institution of Thorough instruction. Book-keeping, collateral business information, Portland.
The kind structure in Com'l Law, branches of a education. Address, Maine.

NOTICE.
THE annual meeting of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company will be held at the office of the Company in Augusta,
On Tuesday, 7th Sept. Next,
At Nine o'clock A. M. By order of the Directors,
W. H. HOLLISTER, Sec'y.
Augusta, Aug. 17, 1875. 3t38

GOOD BOOKS FOR ALL. Beauty, Vigor and Elegance, 50 cts. Hand Book of Good Manners, 35 cts. Bashfulness Cured, 35 cts. Confidential Advice to a Lover, 35 cts. Letter Writing Made Easy, 35 cts. Horse Owner's Guide, 60 cts. Grammar Made Easy, 35 cts. Book Keeping Made Easy, 60 cts. Address
4t38 W. W. SPRAGUE & CO., Waltham, Mass.

AYRSHIRE CATTLE.
Of different ages, from our own importation. Imported and bred with special reference to their MILKING QUALITIES.
STURTEVANT BROS.
26tf Waushackum Farm, So. Framingham, Mass.

STATE FAIR!
Combined Exhibition
OF THE
STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
State Pomological Society,
Stock Breeders' Association,
Maine Dairymen's Association,
—AT—
PRESUMPSCOT PARK,
—AND—
CITY HALL,
Sept. 21, 22, 23 & 24, 1875.
Entries will close to wit: Stock, September 7th. Trotters, September 20th. Other entries, Sept. 21st.
SEND FEES WITH ENTRIES.
SAMUEL WASSON, Sec'y.
East Surry, August 5, 1875. 4t37

For Singing Schools!
No book can be better fitted to provide agreeable musical entertainment mingled with instruction, than the
!! SONG MONARCH !!
By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON.
PRICE 75 Cents.
It contains the Singing School Course, usual in Church Music books, with abundant exercises, etc., and in addition, a fine collection of cheerful Easy Glees for practice, thus rendering it quite as interesting as a good easy Glee Book.
Musical Societies will bear in mind our new Chorus Choir, ($18.00 per doz.) by Dr. Tourjee; also, Perkins' Anthem Book, ($1.50); both fine collections for Choral Associations and for Choirs.

FOR CHOIRS!
The latest collection of Church Music by the successful compiler, H. R. Palmer, is
!! THE LEADER !!
Not quite as large nor as expensive as other recent Church Music Books, it still contains a greater variety of Metrical Music, Anthems, etc., in addition to the usual Singing School Course. L. O. Emerson contributes a large number of tunes.
Price $1.38 or $12.00 Per Dozen.
Sold by all music dealers. Sent, post-free, for retail price.
Oliver Ditson & Co., Chas. H. Ditson & Co.,
Boston. 711 B'dway, N. Y.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1875.
SARAH W. FARR, widow of Noah Farr, late of West Gardiner, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the first Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. K. BAKER, Judge.
Attest: CHARLES HEWINS, Register. 38

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1875.
SPENCER WADSWORTH, Administrator on the Estate of Malinda Leighton late of Belgrade, in said County, deceased, having petitioned for license to sell at public or private sale, the following real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts, &c., viz: The homestead of said deceased:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the first Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. K. BAKER, Judge.
ATTEST: CHARLES HEWINS, Register. 38

Augusta Savings Bank.
ORGANIZED IN 1848.
DEPOSITS of any amount received from one dollar upward, and interest payable twice a year, Feb. and Aug. Interest not drawn out is added to the deposit, and thereby receives COMPOUND INTEREST.
Interest begins on the first day of each month. Money deposited on or before the tenth day of each month, will draw interest from the first day of the same month.
☞Under the existing law of this State, all deposits in Savings Banks, are exempt from municipal taxation, and the income of this bank is limited to six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually.
No taxes or assessments of depositors are required to be made to State or town authorities, and all accounts are held as strictly private and confidential.
Married women and persons under age can deposit money in their own names, and the same may be drawn out only by themselves, or on their order.
Especial advantages afforded to Executors, Guardians, Trustees, and others having in charge Trust Funds. WM. R. SMITH, Treasurer.
Augusta, April 27, 1874. 23tf

Farm for Sale.
The pleasantly located farm of the late Samuel Arno, situated on the east side of Dexter Pond, less than three miles from the pleasant and thriving village of Dexter, with a good road both sides of the Pond. Said farm contains 120 acres of good land, nearly half of which is covered with a thrifty growth of wood, together with house, barn and sheds, a good orchard, with a line of stately rock maples along front. Said farm will be sold at a bargain, if applied for soon. For further particulars, price, &c., apply to Nathan Wyman, esq., Dexter or Albert Emerson, No. 20 Summer St., Bangor. 3137

Valuable Farm for Sale.
An excellent farm situated on the "Ridge Road" in Fairfield, 3½ miles from Kendall's Mills, and 1 miles from Somerset Mills, and also known as the Wilkins farm, containing about 116 acres of easy land, suitably divided into tillage, pasture and wood land. Will be sold at a bargain. Said farm cuts 35 tons of hay, good orchard, good water, all of which can be cut with a machine. Terms of payment made easy. For further particulars, price, &c., inquire of S. Stevens, West Waterville, Me., or J. B. Brackett, Maplewood, Mass. 3m28

Farms for Sale.
I will sell my home farm, located in Chesterville, 3-4 mile from Farmington Falls, said farm contains about 135 acres of good land, including a large flat or brook intervale; large amount of pine, hemlock and spruce timber; buildings good and convenient; crops the present season are fine. Also my farm in New Sharon, about 4 miles from New Sharon village, same distance from Farmington Falls, containing about 200 acres, well watered, well fenced, and has good buildings, good fruit orchard. The above farms will be sold at a great bargain if applied for soon. Terms easy. ABEL PRESCOTT.
Farmington Falls, April 10, 1875. 20tf

Farm for Sale, also Grist Mill and Saw Mill.
The farm of the late D. B. Fuller, situated in South Albion. Said farm contains eighty acres of gravel land, together with a good house, barn and shed. Everything convenient. The grist and saw mill has two run of stones, and twenty-two feet head. Excellent chance for a man with means for business. Will be sold at a good bargain if applied for soon. The town is wholly out of debt. Inquire of
South Albion, Aug. 14, '75. 38 D. B. FULLER.

FARMS FOR SALE.
A good Farm 3½ miles from Bath; two good farms in Phipsburg; one farm in Litchfield; two farms in Bowdoin; one farm in Brunswick. Apply to
PLUMMER & EATON,
33tf Real Estate Agents, Bath, Maine.

FARM WANTED.
A good farm of 75 to 150 acres, under good cultivation, that cuts from 25 to 75 tons of hay, good pasture, and good wood. Buildings good or in fair condition. Location pleasant and near or within a few miles of some city or village in Maine. Please give your lowest cash price. F. P. HATCH,
3t38 Wells Depot, Me.

To Exhibitors of Horses
At the combined Agricultural Exhibition to be held at Portland, Sept. 21—24, 1875: There will be no assignment of stalls for horses, until the day before the opening of the Exhibition. Applications need be addressed to the undersigned at the headquarters of the Society on that day, in order to assign to exhibitors stalls in procession. Any check from the Secretary, that the entry fee has been paid. H. C. BURLEIGH,
3t38 Supt. Horse Department.

Agents Wanted in Maine,
TO SELL THE
Weed Family Favorite Sewing Machine.
GREAT INDUCEMENTS offered. Send for terms to
3m35 WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.,
533 Washington St., Boston.

DIRIGO BUSINESS COLLEGE
AUGUSTA, ME.
THIS Institution commences its fall session Aug. 31, 1875. The best facilities in the country afforded those desirous of obtaining a Business Education. English Branches, Writing, &c. taught in connection with the course. Send for circular.
6t36 D. M. WAITT, Principal.

Pensions, Bounties,
And all other claims against the Government.
Increase of Pensions,
Suspended and rejected claims, and those abandoned by other attorneys, prosecuted. Charges moderate. Postage stamp, for information. R. W. BLACK, Attorney at Law, Augusta, Me.

Dr. LEIDY'S
Sarsaparilla Blood Pills
PURIFY THE BLOOD, ACT AS A CATHARTIC,
And Are The Best Bills Known.
For Sale by all Druggists. 1y6

Agents Wanted.
TO sell the history of Maine Bred Horses, throughout the state. Horsemen will find this book of the first edition. Liberal terms. For terms, circulars, &c., address
3t39 J. W. THOMPSON, Canton, Me.

Fine Oil for Sewing Machines
30 AT PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE.

Maine Central Railroad
CHANGE OF TIME.
On and after Monday, June 21, '75,
PASSENGER TRAINS
Will leave for Portland & Boston
From Bangor 8 A M and 7 45 P M; Dexter, 7 30 A M and 6 10 P M; Belfast, 7 15 A M and 3 10 P M; Skowhegan, 9 10 A M; Waterville, 10 13 A M and 10 07 P M; Augusta, 6 A M, 11 A M and 3 10 P M; Bath 7 A M, 11 A M and 3 10 P M; Brunswick, 7 40 A M, 12 50, 4 40 and 11 30 P M; Lewiston, 7 20 A M and 12 05 P M.
RETURNING, will be due at Bangor from Portland and Boston, at 6 30 A M and 7 30 P M; Dexter, 5 40 A M and 7 P M; Belfast, 11 35 A M and 7 25 P M; Skowhegan, 5 35 P M; Waterville, 4 45 A M and 5 15 P M; Augusta, 3 10 A M and 4 05 and 6 30 P M; Bath, 7 10 A M and 3 10 P M; Brunswick, 1 55 and 7 30 A M, 3 10 and 6 40 P M; Lewiston, 9 A M and 3 57 and 6 45 P M.
FREIGHT TRAINS
Leave Bangor for Portland and Boston at 8 15 A M and 3 45 P M; Augusta, 9 30 A M and 1 40 P M, and will be due at Bangor from Portland and Boston at 10 30 A M and 7 50 P M; Augusta, 10 20 A M and 5 10 P M.
Pullman Sleeping Cars are run on all night trains, and a Parlor car runs on all day trains between Bangor and Boston.
12 PAYSON TUCKER, Supt.

Boston & Maine.
The Only Direct Route to
Old Orchard Beach, Salmon Falls, Great Falls, Dover, Lake Winnipiseogee, New Market Junction, Manchester, Concord, Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Lowell.
PASSENGER STATION IN
Hay Market Sq., head of Washington St.,
BOSTON.
Through Passenger Trains Connect with all Day Trains on Maine Central at the
Transfer Station in Portland.
All Through Tickets Good on Boston & Maine.
Baggage checked through to and from all station on the Maine Central.
Finest passenger trains running east of Boston, all equipped with Miller platform and patent vacuum brake. Magnificent Parlor cars on through trains.
Passengers on morning train on Maine Central connect through to all points named above, arriving in Lowell 1.0 P. M., and Boston 1.15 P. M.
Passengers on midday train connect as above, arriving in Lowell 6.45 P. M., and Boston 7.00 P. M.
Passengers on afternoon train (3.10 P. M. from Augusta) arrive in Boston 10.00 P. M.
Have Baggage Checked via B. & M. R. R.
All FREIGHT forwarded without transfer at same rates and in same time as by any other line.
J. T. FURBER, Gen'l Sup't, Boston.
L. L. LINCOLN, Gen'l Agent, Augusta, Me. 30tf

BLACK PILOT.
Black, 15 hands 3 in. high, seven years old, and with a record of 2.39 as a six year old, will make the season of 1875 at GARDINER, MAINE.
PEDIGREE.
BLACK PILOT was sired by Roscoe, he by Pilot, Jr., out of Native American's dam. 1st dam Eugene by Swigert's Lexington, he by Lexington out of the famous mare Ann Innis by American Eclipse. 2d dam Brawner's Eclipse by American Eclipse. 3d dam by Medoc, by American Eclipse. For extended pedigree see Bruce's Stud Book. He descends on his dam's side from MESSENGER through American Eclipse, and on his sire's side from Pilot, Jr., the grandsire of "AMBRINO GIFT" with the fastest record ever trotted by a stallion, 2.21, 2.20, 2.22.
Good pasture and stabling at reasonable rates and good care taken of mares, but all accidents and escapes at owner's risk.
TERMS, $25 for the season, cash or satisfactory note at time of service. A mare to be entitled to his use whenever in the stud till she prove in foal.
F. D. HARMON, Brunswick Road,
3mos23 Gardiner, Me.

MERRYMEETING FARM.
Champion Stallion of New England!
Dreadnaught.
Sired by Fearnaught, 2.23¼; dam, Lady Dix, 2.31¼; by Thatcher Horse. 2d dam by Hambletonian; 3d dam, Thoroughbred.
Dreadnaught is 15-3 high, fine chestnut, and weighs 1035 lbs. Excellent disposition. Can beat 2.30. Will show any breeder speed as represented. He received the first grand premium at New England Agricultural Fair, Sept., 1875; received premium over 36 Stallions, 1874, at N. E. Fair, 1874. He has several yearlings and weanlings we would be happy to show. Dreadnaught is owned by Col. H. S. Russel, owner of Champion Stallion of United States, Smuggler.
Terms, $50. Credit to suit. Splendid pastures and every way convenient for brood mares from a distance, to keep at reasonable prices.
Bowdoinham, Mar. 29, '75. 18tf F. A. F. ADAMS.

Stallion John S. Lee,
FOR SALE.
Lee is 16 hands; one inch high, weighs 1200 lbs, brown color, black points, sound, kind in harness and stable. 8 years old. Sired by Taggart's Abdallah. Dam by Stone Messenger. (See Wallace Stud Book.) This horse is very rich in Messenger blood and shows it very fully. He can beat 2.50. Never trained for speed. Very sure foal getter; a very desirable Stock horse.

Stallion Sir Knight,
FOR SALE.
Sir Knight is 15—2, bay, black points, weighs nearly 1000, extra stylish, sound and kind in harness and stable. 6 years old. Sired by Taggart's Abdallah. Dam David Hill, sire Old Black. Can speed 40 gait. This is rather an extra stock horse, cannot help paying for himself this season.
Either of these horses can be bought at panic prices, terms to suit, or exchanged. Address
F. A. F. ADAMS,
22tf Merrymeeting Farm, Bowdoinham, Me.

Seneca Pet
AND
MADOCAWANDO!
Are making the season at a very low figure for such horses.
For particulars address
14tf J. R. WATTS, Thomaston, Me.

THE KNOX STALLION,
UNCLE SHUBE,
Better known as the Wyer Horse, will make the season at Gilman's Stable, Gilman St., Waterville. Terms $25 by the season.
4t25 A. F. LORD.

Sultan Junior
Will make the season of 1875, at the stable of
Sam'l Record, Buckfield, Me.,
Terms—To warrant, $30. Circulars containing pedigree, &c., sent free, on application to
77tf SAM'L RECORD.

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CANCER!
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Poetry.

Symptoms.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

If, when you hear a certain lady's name,
  You feel your pulses give a sudden start,
Or blush, as if some secret sense of shame
  Had stirred, just then, the currents of your heart;
And if that name—to put it rather strong—
  In euphony seems very much above
All other names—I think I can't be wrong
  To venture the opinion, you're in love!

If, when at last, by some auspicious chance,
  You meet the lady at a ball or play,
You shrink abashed before her modest glance,
  And quite forget the words you meant to say;
And if, moreover, gazing at her hand,
  You wish upon that hand you were a glove,
It isn't very hard to understand
  (See "Romeo and Juliet,") you're in love!

If, with two ladies, on a summer's day,
  You sit alone at luncheon or at tea,
And think, if one of them were but away
  (A mile or so,) how happy you would be;
Yet find your wits in such a giddy whirl,
  You scarcely speak to her you're thinking of,
But prattle gaily with the other girl—
  There's reason for supposing you're in love!

If, all at once, your amatory pen
  (Which ne'er before attempted lyric lines,
Invita musa—bane of gods and men!)
  To fervid song and madrigal inclines,
Wherein you rashly rhyme of "youth" and "truth,"
  And call your subject "darling," "duck" or "dove,"
Or sadly beg some cruel lady's ruth—
  The symptom is unfailing—you're in love!

If of her sex no other you can find
  One-half so bright or beautiful as she;
If to her failings you are wholly blind
  (The faults, I mean, that other people see);
If in her "pug" you see a "Grecian nose,"
  And never doubt the angel bands above
Are silent when she sings—you may suppose,
  Beyond the slightest question, you're in love!
    —*Galaxy for September.*

Our Story Teller.

OUR CROQUET CAMPAIGN.

There was the deuce and all to pay, you know; but I'll tell you how it happened.

Smith was in my rooms. Not that there was anything unusual in that, for we were "chums" of long standing—chums in early days when we robbed the orchard of that old curmudgeon Brown in company, climbing the trees by turns and giving one another "legs-up," geting the same amount of flogging by the doctor's directions in consequence, and by a strange coincidence evincing the same disinclination for a sitting posture for days afterwards—down to this very May morning, when, as Smith remarked,

"We have been *cult'd* together;
Oh, what can part us now!"

a pathetic quotation somewhat marred in effect by his finishing the bitter at a draught, while I meditated on the proceedings of this member of the firm and looked sadly on the empty pewter.

We had chambers in the vicinity of the Temple, but were not, I may say are not, known to fame. If you should chance to visit that locality, and come across a couple of fine-looking, broad-chested young Englishmen, with an expression suggestive of unlimited capacity for "railway business," you will know us. From the fact of having had a great-uncle Chancellor, my father insisted on there being a vast amount of legal talent in the family, and though I had learnt to sing "The anchor's weighed" in anticipation of a sailor's life and invariably greeted the housemaid as the "son of a gun" on calling for my boots, as my elder brother's tastes led him seaward, I was devoted to the bar. My only consolation under the circumstances is the idea of going into the House, in spite of Colonel Tomline, and at the same time go in for an instant repeal of the law of primogeniture.

In the peaceful seclusion of our chambers, undisturbed by briefs, we have mutually wondered why Smith's friends should have thought the same thing—have decided on his filling the wool-sack—and it was by a series of long and sad reflections we felt that the friends, of every Smith, Jones, or Robinson on the roll believed him to be the man. Smith, my chum, was spoken of vaguely as "having money," much in the same way as he is supposed to have "expectations," from the fact of his possessing an aunt, Lady Blackstone, of fabulous age, who was good enough to visit our chambers on one occasion and express her disgust at the "shameless hussies" who professed to dust the place, and to wish, in a voice to make your hair stand on end, that she had "the dusting of them." Beyond that circumstance I know nothing of her views or intentions.

Neither, says Smith gloomily, does he.

I had no more work than usual to do this particular morning, and from the window was looking into the court below. Just enough green to make one long for the country and the fresh morning air coming over the uplands; enough dust to give one a sensation of hatred for the hot flagstones.

Bodger, Q. C., went by with his clerk smart and dapper, and a bag so bulky that it constrained Smith to shake his fist at him, a gesture which, as Bodger happened to look up at that moment, he made as best as he could into a friendly wave.

There was a rattle of letters in the box, and being of a sanguine temperament, not knowing what a post may bring forth, I went to investigate, while Smith made a sarcastic reference to the probable contents.

No attorney implored our services, no one knew of anything to "our advantage," but there was a hasty scrawl for me from my cousin Belle Heartly. Now I had always had an affection for Belle in my youthful; days carrying to ffy in my pocket till it had lost all the hue and semblance of toffy to give her as a mark thereof. She never appreciated it; it may have suggested Bob Sawyer's apple to her. At all events it came to the same end, for I ate it myself. Here is the letter:

We want two more men for croquet. Now, Ned dear, no pretence of business, but come over to-day, with a friend. Not to *spoon*, remember, even with **BELLE.**

I handed it to Smith.

"All right," said he after he had read it; "what time do we go?" Here he seized a *Bradshaw* lying near. "An hour and a half. Now, Jones," he continued impressively (have I said that I was of one 'noble race of Shenkin'—a Jones ap Adam?), "do not, I beg of you, my dear boy, ruin your prospects by such indolence." (Smith had just breakfasted). "Here, Tom, you can tell any one inquiring for us" (he shunned my eye) "that we are engaged on railway business."

Tom promised attention with the most commendable gravity.

So prompt were Smith's movements that we were at the Victoria Station before the time had expired, took our tickets, and found ourselves at Stockton Brook in such a bewilderingly short space of time that I half thought our surroundings were part and parcel of the visions we sometimes indulged in in our Temple chambers.

I was rich in cousins, and as I looked around did I prefer Belle? There was the pretty brunette Marion, the blonde Eva, the tall, graceful Ethel, the *petite* Nora, and I felt, on the word and honor of a single man *a la* Lillyvick, that I loved them all.

Belle approached; a frank, jolly girl—a girl with whom one would wish to be on cousinly terms, and for whom one would feel unlimited cousinly affection. With her—no, stop, my pen; keep in bounds.

You are awfully welcome, Ned. Don't (she turned to her companion), "my cousin Ned is not dangerous, for" (a mischievous aside) "he has been in love with me ever since I can remember."

And gracious powers! what a vision burst on our eyes, Smith's and mine!

I do not think I could describe her, and Smith, to whom I have applied, confesses it is out of his power to do so. I cannot say if she were tall or short, dark or fair; I only vouch for a creamy complexion, quantities of rich brown hair, and all the rest eyes. Smith, too, says eyes; eyes of the darkest brown—velvety, sweet, trusting, with an expression *and* a depth. (My cousins as they read echoed "*And* a depth.") There was an impression of transparent lace and muslin, a suspicion of violets in her presence, and I know no more. Smith knows no more. But as she raised the long, sweeping eyelashes and bowed (to me, pointedly; Smith says to him) I felt Belle's whisper was heartless and distasteful to her as to me. I always had a dislike to women who chaff—so unfeminine, so unsuitable, in short. Had I ever loved Belle? I doubted it as I walked by Dot's side towards the house, for our meeting had taken place on the lawn.—She proceeded to give an account of an hour at croquet, when the men had cheated awfully, "and," she continued pitifully, "we *do* want some one to take our part."

How I sympathized with her! how my lip curled in contempt of their opponents' wiles! How I felt myself croqueting the ball of the opposing powers from one end of the ground to the other under far-distant prickly shrubs, whence the searches should emerge hot, dusty, and angry! how I, in short, fell in love in the space of twenty minutes, Greenwich time? Smith and I were cordially welcomed, and soon after our arrival my aunt, taking me on one side, proceeded to give me a few particulars respecting Dot, otherwise Dora Elton.

"You will see, Ned, how I stand. Gen. Elton intrusted her to me with the understanding that she should not have the opportunity of falling in love—see no one, in fact. There is no accounting for the absurd idea men get into their heads, but she will be quite an heiress. Still I cannot absolutely shut her up, so I invited two safe men, and I know neither you nor your friend will betray my confidence. I should not have allowed Fred to bring Captain Bruce here had I not seen Dot absolutely rude to him, and I feel it is a great responsibility altogether." And my aunt looked like one of Fox's martyrs in modern guise. As she concluded her explanation I felt that she possessed the faculty of saying the rudest possible things in the mildest possible manner. "Safe men." I looked in the glass; but my indignation subsided as I reflected it would be my duty as a relation to impress upon him the feat of honor requiring obedience to the wishes of the mistress of the house.

Captain Bruce, of whom my aunt had spoken, was a fine soldierly fellow, with a sunshiny face, fair hair, and blue eyes; also a greater allowance of brains than generally falls to the lot of a "fellow" in the army.—On the whole it was pleasant to see a decided coolness existing between Dot and himself. But of that more anon.

Feeling that she had only done the duty excepted of all chaperons as regarded "detrimentals," my aunt left me to seek out Smith and impress due caution.

"Nice little girl, Miss Elton," I observed, after one or two equally wise observations, with a view of surrounding him, and in case his admiration should be too deep, determined to represent General Elton as a sort of Bengal tiger of the worst type.

"Yes," he assented with an air of indifference that could not impose on me. "That reminds me, Jones. Your coat—I noticed it this morning, walking behind you and Miss Elton—is a mistake."

It was Greek meeting Greek, I fell into the trap, and surveyed myself anxiously in the glass. That coat I had considered a model in color, in shape, in form, neither long nor short, and only remarkable as combining the properties of being *degage* enough for croquet with an air of propriety for the morning service.

"I think—does it strike you as being tight?" I asked, wondering what Dot thought of it.

"The fact is, you are getting fleshy," returned Smith, with brutal alacrity. "I'll wager ten to one you are six pounds heavier than you were six weeks ago."

"Getting fleshy?" The subject would not admit of levity, and I responded tartly: "I'll defy any one to get 'fleshy' as you term it" (I have a suspicion that Smith is occasionally coarse) "in your company."

Determined to drag in the Bengal tiger after this, and wishing to impress Smith by the friendly terms existing between Dot and myself I bgan:

"Miss Elton told me—" without any distict idea how to finish, when Smith exclaimed:

"Of course. I thought I knew the name well! Why, we are connected if not related. Her mother was a—my mother's third cousin, or something of that sort."

On the croquet ground he put forth his claim as audaciously as if—as if it really existed. I felt it was nothing of the sort, and whereas I had formerly had a respect for Smith, I began to think his principles decidedly dubious. Oh, brown eyes!

We were at Stockton Brook for croquet not for "croquet" as Hetty saucily reminded us, so I shall confine myself strictly to one of its phases. The ground was simply perfect; as smooth as velvet, it was the pride of the girls, while even the old squire scarcely grudged the ground.

Dot took it into her head to learn my stroke; so I, formerly a "spoon," became an authority, and with her as pupil, taught it successsfully every morning until my aunt looked doubtful and finally joined the game herself! She has mentioned since that she associates croquet with penal servitude and the sound of the ball with the treadmill.

There was no "wind and weather permitting" in our case. Dot and cousins tied lace handkerchiefs over their heads and found an east wind "only refreshing," if it rained we finished under umbrellas. When it grew dark we had lanterns and torches.

The days went on, and our play was as near perfection as mortal play can be. And I was badly hit. I played blue and "hoped" while Dot held red, symbolical of the havoe she wrought amongst hearts. I piloted her; we were partners. Her ball lay in trusting confidence by mine, and we stood to win, while Bruce was sent away with a force of which I should scarcely thought those hands capable. Smith (for the other side) looked a battery of needle-guns at me, and professed to laugh at my "flukes," while I, with a glance suggestive of a mitrailluse at its worst, retorted "with intent" "a cannon on the face of it," and flattered myself I had him there.

What would you have? We had been educated at considerable expense for the bar, where, and if Fate, in the guise of a wooden-headed attorney denied us a court to shine in our friends must have the benefit of Blackstone.

It was evident to all that Smith and I were no longer the friends we had been before these "brown eyes" came in between us and shut out all remembrance of old *vie intime*. Looking back to that time, I am sure he would as soon have thought of—well, of cutting off his whiskers as of borrowing my razor in the free-and-easy style of a week before. Only one thing remained unaltered—our thoughts as ever ran in one channel. If I came on Smith puffing vigorously at an unlighted cigar I knew the direction of his thoughts, and he knew it.—When I read the newspaper upside down; when the subtlest point at the chancery bar failed to excite my admiration, and the wool sack seemed a comparative trifle, he knew that he knew it.

* * * * * *

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts to small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all!"

was on my lips that morning as I walked towards the croquet grounds in search of Dot, my intention, resolved on when alone in the breakfast room, being "to put it to the touch." Whether I should carry it out when I came into the presence was another thing; for in spite of that inspiring verse I felt decidedly nervous, hated my coat, and had great doubts on the subject of my tie and "deserts" in general.

Bruce was leaving her side as I came up, and her flushed face, her sparkling eyes, spoke of suppressed emotion, indignation, probably, for as I stood looking rather bewildered a tear rolled down her check.

A tear! Dot in tears! I seized a mallet lying near, which I hugged ferociously for fear I might be tempted beyond the bounds of prudence, and take Dot in my arms in my wish to express sympathy. I knew Smith would have felt the same.

"How foolish you must think me!" She said, looking up rainbow like; "but—but Capt. Bruce has been say—saying that croquet—I am quite ashamed to repeat his words—that croquet is a humbug."

Her voice faltered, and her mallet fell to the ground. I picked it up as she brushed a gossamer handkerchief over her eyes, and then almost unconsciously I took the hand extended for the mallet. Bruce was a brute without a doubt. What a pretty hand it was, with its delicate network of blue veins pretty dimples, and soft pink palm.

She looked at me appealingly, with those sweet eyes swimming in tears.

"So unfeeling, you know," she said.

"Coarse brute," I returned indignantly.—"Forgive me, Dot. May I call you Dot dear Dot? If he would say anything to hurt your feelings he deserved to be brained with this mallet." And I still held the hand while I flourished the proposed instrument of vengeance.

"Dot," I continued.

"Hush," she said hurriedly, changing color. "Another time. Sombody is calling.—Yes—yes I'm coming!" And she hastened away, turning to wave her hand before she disappeared amongst the trees, while I, happy recipient of her confidence, strolled off in another direction.

"Wasn't this—isn't this better than any wool-sack?" I asked exultingly, as I threw myself down under a tree. Another time she would listen. Her love. And then an heiress, to. What would my father say—and Smith? Poor Smith, to fancy she loved him. As to Bruce, confound his insolence. Croquet a humbug! What next, I wonder."

I felt too excited to return to the house and a strong wish to work the excitement off lest my feelings should betray me; so unfastening the boat from its moorings I pulled steadily down the river for a couple of hours.

"I thought every one was deserting us," said my aunt plaintively, as I met her on my return. "You out, and Capt. Bruce has had a telegram summoning him to town. It seems really inhospitable, but I really feel relieved; he was so very agreeable, and had nothing but his pay, and it really would not do. The General would be furious.—Poor little Dot has such a headache I have made her go and lie down for two or three hours."

"Poor little Dot! No, it would not do." I returned and made my escape.

Dot did not make her appearance at dinner, and as we men went into the garden to enjoy our cigars I saw Belle, most benevolent of Hebes, carrying a cup of tea to the invalid. How I longed to send a message of sympathy, but cold prudence forbade; so I looked wistfully at the bearer, who smiled archly and shook her head.

On the river I made up my mind that Smith should not go on "feeding a vain passion," as I poetically expressed it, but should know the real state of affairs. It would be only kind, poor fellow, and I watched my opportunity.

"It strikes me," remarked Fred after a few puffs—"it strikes me the pater can give us better weeds than these. Just wait a minute, you two fellows. I shall not be a minute."

Here was a chance. "Smith," I began, "I am sorry." Smith looked cynical. I repeated, "I am very sorry," when there was a sound of hurried footsteps, and Hetty appeared on the scene apparently slightly hysterical.

"Oh!" she cried with hands uplifted; and having by this wound us up to an agonizing pitch of curiosity, she paused for want of breath.

"What is it? Good heavens, what is it?" we exclaimed as usual together.

"Matter!" with a shriek. "Dot!"

"Yes, yes!" a duet "What of her?" anxious alarm.

"She has eloped with Capt. Bruce!"

I fell back and looked vacantly at Smith; Smith fell back and looked vacantly at me; and together we looked vacantly at Hetty, who having found breath proceeded volubly:

"She was gone when Belle went to take her some tea—had been gone two hours, leaving a note for mamma. Papa and Fred are gone to make inquiries, but I am afraid it is too late. Such artfulness! Who would have thought it."

I may say here that it was too late; their plans were laid, and Dot was Mrs. Bruce before she was heard of again.

Having explained so, Mrs. Hetty flew off like a woman who feels she has exciting news to impart. Smith walked on one side to examine a curious specimen of the Osmundi regalis, and I—I let my cigar out! What the General said and did, the unparliamentary language he made use of on this occasion, of the hysterics of my aunt, and the bottles of eau de-cologne emptied over her, I shall say nothing that is not contained in the "deuce and all to pay."

In words destined to be famous, "would it surprise you to hear" that we two young barristers had been made use of as mere blinds? Never mind answering.

"Who would have thought," said Fred the next day, as we stood on the croquet ground "that Bruce stood to win?"

But I was cured, and only remarked impressively, "Smith, croquet is a humbug."

"I think so," returned Smith as if he meant it.

Arm-in-arm we walked off the croquet ground.—*Belgravia.*

One Faithful Irish Girl.

BY MRS E. V. BLAKE.

That was our Kathleen O'Morrill. She was a "real jewel," as housekeepers have it; steady, efficient, an excellent cook, a neat chambermaid, a skillful seamstress—at need;—fertile of invention and quick of wit as only a genuine Hibernian can be.—Handsome, too; no lily fingered, taper waisted maid; but a round, buxon, rosy, jolly lass, with arms of good size and good proportion, a waist of ample girth, height five feet ten, and good, sound, hearty Irish strength in every joint and muscle.

We had had her a year and a half, and Mike Rusher, our gardener, four months, when the hot Summer days burst upon us out of the warm May sunshine, and woke in our hearts the annual vision of tempting salt waves and cool rocky caverns at Leye Beach. I think they started with less than the usual preparation that year; at any rate, I forgot now the incident that sent them off so suddenly at the last. I mean father, mother, John and little Ada. The dressmaker, distracted with work, had not finished two dresses that I considerd essential to my Summer "make up," at Leye Beach, and I remained to be sure she accomplished them by a given time. There were, then, only myself, Kathleen and Mike Rusher in the house.

Now we were rich enough, but lived in simple ease and comfort in a lovely, great rambling, pleasant house in the suburbs, caring little for outside show, but rather taking rambling trips all over the country, whenever the fit took us, into whatever quiet nook or bustling city suited best.—And for my part, I much prefer money spent in this way.

But in our quiet, unpretending home were quantities of old family jewels, and heavy family plate; and the huge dining room safe, held besides, at certain times, large sums of money. Such a sum had been there on the day of the family exodus; but at my urgent entreaty father removed it to the banker's in town, as they passed through.

"It's bad enough, father, to have all that plate, without two or three thousand dollars to tempt burglars," said I, "and I here alone with Kathleen."

"Cowardly, Agnes?" said my father, laughing. "You forgot Mike."

"Yes, and what mortal use could Mike be to me, in the event of a burglar breaking in? when he's a mile off in the upper story, and sleeps sounder than the Seven Sleepers."

"Well have him down in the little corner room, then, and take Kathleen in the next chamber. Or shall I send you a special policeman?"

"I wish you would. Mr. Staggs, for instance. Do have him patrol round the house every night. He's smart and quick, and he'll be a real comfort. Do, father."

"Well, upon my word!" said father, laughing again; to think my brave Agnes should turn such a coward. Why, child, it's thickly settled all around, and any cry would wake up somebody. I'll stay myself if you're so timid.

"No you won't, I won't have you. Mother will need you to look out for everything. John's a harum-scarum if he is eighteen.—Only, I wish you'd send Mr. Staggs."

"Well, anyway, I'll come back Saturday night. The directors' meeting is Monday; and Wednesday you can go down with me. I suppose your dresses will be ready by then."

They went. But Mr. Staggs did not appear.

The first night passed off easily enough.—Mike slept down stairs, and Kathleen in the room next to mine.

The second night I fancied a queer taste in my chocolate, at supper; and I told Kathleen to turn it out, and buy some new next day. And I took a long draught of water.

Kathleen looked at me intently as I told her, and dropped her eyes slowly upon the cup. I remembered it afterwards, but it passed with no thought at the time.

When I went to bed, I lay for a long time restless, then sunk away to sleep,—or partly. I think it was near twelve o'clock when a hand on my mouth, and a whisper at my ear, aroused me.

"Hush, Miss, dear! not a word—not a noise!"

"Oh Kathleen! is it you? What's the——"

"Let me int' the bed wid ye, Miss dear, for the love of Hiven, an' I'll tell ye. Quick, now."

She pushed me along and slipped under the clothes on the edge of the bed. Then, with her hands still on my mouth to stifle any untimely ejaculation, she put her lips to my ear. "Miss Agnes, wo'd ye belave it?—but Mike Rusher's a cowardly, wicked thafe; an' it's myself as hur-r-d him a bit ago, whistlin' under his breath out of the windy; an' whin the clock's on twelve he'll open the dore to a lot uv thaves an' cutthroats an' what not, an' we'll be robbed, an' like enough murdered. An' it's near the time, sure—barrin' a quarter uv a hour."

I can truly say I never before came broad awake in so quick a time. I turned slowly cold from head to foot. When danger comes in the daytime, we have the comfort of light and the use of our eyes; but in the night, when every nook and corner is black, and familiar objects take strange shapes and shadows, and there is a grim silence over the house, that may be broken at any time by stealthy steps, or pistol shots, and you lie in your bed and feel danger drawing steadily nearer—nearer—ugh! I won't think of it. I feel that same chill now as I write.

"What'll we do, miss'? For it's a tearin' shame, an' they'll git all the nice silver an' things, an' that wretch uv a thafe, Mike Rusher! We'll have to be spry!"

The thought of making a defence of her master's property,—the brave girl! How she put me to shame, lying shivering there, only considering how I might get safely out of the house to the nearest neighbor's. With a desperate resolution I sat up.

"On with some clothes," said I to Kathleen.

"Jist yer dark wrapper over yer nightgown, miss dear! where is it?" said she, snatching it from the chair, that I indicated, and thrusting in my arms. "Now give me yer long waterproof, to hide me white clothes; an' now some slippers in yer hand, miss; no, not on yer feet yit. Hark, now!" We listened,—the door was ajar. Kathleen, not a moment idle, thrust a pillow into my place, and arranged the bed-clothes to simulate a human form in the dim light. All this took place in about three minutes. No sound from the hall, Kathleen seized my arm.

"Miss dear, I'm goin' to thry to get out the library windy, into the lilacs, an' run for the station. There's mostly a lot of perlice there; it's quite a ways, but I'll go like a deer. I could go quicker'n you, but if ye'd rather, ye can thry it. But say, quick. You must stay by the library windy to see that we git in all right."

"I'll stay," said I promptly. But oh, what a sinking of the heart! To be left alone at midnight in a house tenanted by burglars, where my life would pay the forfeit of discovery!

"Come down quick, thin," said Kathleen; "If we'll only git down before Mike comes along, an' he'll not be far off now, sure."

We started. The padded stairs and Axminster carpets gave no sound of our bare feet. But oh! the dread of meeting Mike Rusher in the dark! for he was probably then patrolling the house. We got as far as the big closet under the stairs in the lower hall, when we heard the click of the night-lock, and turning, saw dimly outlined against the upper glass of the door, Mike Rusher's low-crowned hat and burly shoulders. We had barely missed of him in the dark. Instinctively we knew what he was opening the door for. Kathleen's fingers clutched my wrist,—there was a black and blue spot there for a week after:—we stole softly along the hall to the open sitting-room door, hurried across into the library, carefully closing the door of communication after us. The window sash slid easily, and Kathleen perched an instant on the sill while she whispered, "Keep dark, now, miss dear, an' if they're like to find ye afore I come, cut an' run for yer life."

Then she dropped to the ground, in spite of herself, making a rustling in the lilacs; slipped across the walk on to the soft grass in the shrubbery, and was gone. Not a moment too soon.

As I crouched close to the sill, behind a big lounging chair, I heard a second rustle of the lilacs, and a low remark, seemingly not more than two feet from me.

"I heard 'em crackle, anyway. But there's nobody here."

There were two of them. If they had glanced at the window, which I had partially closed lest it should attract attention, I should have been lost. But they went away, and I closed it entirely.

Then, as my eyes being more accustomed to the dark, I saw, rather than heard the library door;—heard Mike Rusher's smothered whisper; "What yer 'bout Rufe? Nothin' but books in thar."

"Yer sure? No nice clo's, nor secret drawers, nor nothin'?" was the answer in a louder key.

"No, nothin'. In the dinin' room in the safe. Come 'er long, ye c'n go upstairs ef ye wanter, afterwards. Valy'ble stuff up thar."

They left the door open and retired. I heard the clink of silver, and caught the gleam of light from the dining room. They had got the safe open. How many minutes then went by, I cannot tell. All at once, with scarce a footfall to tell of his proximity, Mike Rusher stood almost over me and tried the window. It slid up.

"The divil!" said he, "but maybe miss left it onfastened. She's mighty careless. An' ye heard the bushes rattle?"

"Yes," said another voice, near by. The cold perspiration stood all over me, and I held my breath.

Just then an outburst of profanity from the hall, with a sudden confusion, and his own name uttered in uncomplimentary terms, caused the redoubtable Mike and his companion to depart for the scene of conflict with some alacrity. I could bear it no longer. I raised the window, all in a tremor, to leap from it and take to my heels, when lo! a sudden crowd of figures darkened it, a man sprung raipdly through,—another and another,—the room was filled with them; they carried clubs and revolvers, and there was a gleam of stars and gilt buttons. One of them caught sight of me as I shrunk half fainting behind the big chair. "Oh, here she is! I thank the Lord you're safe, miss." He held me up, for I could hardly stand, and Kathleen laughing and crying, threw her arms around me. Thrice came a sudden shrill whistle, and from all sides the policemen rushed to the attack. There was no retreat,—the house was surrounded by alert detectives. All of the gang—three in number,—were captured.

After the sharp skirmish was over, the captives hand-cuffed and placed *hors du combat*, and the wounds bound up, Mike Rusher for the first time caught sight of Kathleen and me.

"Houly mither o' Moses! ye thafe uv a gur-r-l thin! was it you as wint traispasin' off to the station an' brought this drove down on us? Whin I seed ye dhrink the coffee wid me own eyes, an' looked at ye slapin' in yer bed, not five minutes ago!"

"Thafe of a gur-r-l yerself, Mike Rusher!" quoth Kathleen, facing him with arms akimbo. "I did all that, an' I didn't dhrink yer coffee, but poured it down me buzzum, an' it's wet as a drownded rat I was, sure! an' ye looked at me piller wid me night-cap on in me bed, bad luck to ye! Take a woman, after this, to desave a woman, will ye? an' none uv yer blunderin' Irishmen!"

With which flat on the woman question our Kathleen retired on her laurels.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

Influence of Arctic Cold on Man.

Lieutenant Payer, the Austrian Arctic explorer, has been laying some of the results of his explorations before the Geographical Society of Vienna. Referring to the influence of extreme cold on the human organism, he related that on March 14, 1875, he and companions made a sledge journey over the Semiklar glacier, in order to make observations of Francis Joseph Land. On that day the cold marked 40 deg. (Reaumur) below zero. Notwithstanding this intense cold, M. Payer and a Tyrolese went out before sunrise to make observations and sketch. The sunrise was magnificent; the sun seemed surrounded, as it does at a high degree of cold, by small suns, and its light appeared more dazzling from the contrast with the extreme cold. The travelers were obliged to pour rum down their throats so as not to touch the edge of the metal cups, which would have been as dangerous as if they had been red hot; but the rum lost all its strength and liquidity and was as flat and thick as oil. It was impossible to smoke either cigars or tobacco in short pipes, for very soon nothing but a piece of ice remained in the mouth. The metal of the instruments was just like red hot iron to the touch, as were some lockets, which some of the travellers romantically, but imprudently, continued to wear next to the skin. M. Payer says that so great an amount of cold, paralyzes the will, and that under its influence men from the unsteadiness of their gait, their stammering talk and the slowness of their mental operations, seem as if they were intoxicated. Another effect of cold is a tormenting thirst, which is due to the evaporation of the body. It is unwholesome to use snow to quench the thirst, as it brings on inflammation of the throat, palate and tongue. Besides, enough can never be taken to quench the thirst, as a temperature of 30 to 40 degrees below zero makes it taste like molten metal. Snow eaters in the North are considered as feeble and effeminate, in same way as an opium eater in the East. The groups of travellers who traversed the snow fields were surrounded by thick vapors formed by the emanations from their bodies, which became condensed, notwithstanding the furs in which the travellers were enveloped. These vapors fell to the ground with a slight noise, frozen into the form of small crystals and rendered the atmosphere thick, impenetrable and dark. Notwithstanding the humidity of the air, a disagreeable sensation of dryness was felt. Every sound diffused itself to a very long distance, an ordinary conversation could be heard at a hundred paces off, while the report of guns from the top of high mountains could scarcely be heard.

M. Payer explains this phenomen by the large quantity of moisture in the Arctic atmosphere. Meat could be chopped and mercury used in the shape of balls. Both smell and taste become greatly enfeebled in these latitudes, strength gives way under the paralyzing influence of the cold, the eyes involuntarily close and become frozen. When locomotion stops, the sole of the foot becomes insensible. It is somewhat curious that the beard does not freeze, but this is explained from the air expired falling immediately transformed into snow. The cold causes dark beads to become lighter; the secretion of the eyes and nose always increases while the formation of the perspiration altogether ceases. The only possible protection against the cold is to be very warmly clothed, and to endeavor as much as possible to prevent the condensation of the atmosphere, while the much vaunted plans of anointing and blacking the body are pronounced to have no real value.

How Greenback Paper is Made.

All the paper for the money issued by the United States Government is manufactured on a sixty-two-inch Fourdrinier machine, at the Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pa. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is being formed. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded night and day, by officials, to prevent the abstraction of any paper.

☞ Recently a foreign embassy sought assistance of the English police to find a young lady who had just become the heiress of many millions. The instructions were vague, and the task was necessarily given to one of the keenest detectives. At the end of six weeks the detective reported at headquarters and handed in his resignation. "Well," said the chief, "and what about the young lady?" "I found her about a month ago in a dressmaker's shop," was the answer. "And what then?" "I married her yesterday morning, and this morning I have just received her six millions."

Something about Feet.

Hannah Howard contributes to the August number of the Science of Health, an article headed "Which shall it be?" in which she discusses the question whether people shall have their feet in the state of nature or horribly deformed. As if to prejudice the reader in favor of having natural shaped feet she prefixes to the text a series of four woodcuts, illustrating the diverse effects of comfortable and ill-fitting shoes on the members under consideration. She says:

"When the cries of the large joint for quarter are unheeded, its wrongs are avenged by a voice more potent in its angry call to the thousands of sensitive intelligences than any loud utterance conveyed to the brain by means of outward and external media. 'Tis a physiological fact, too often demonstrated, that if the right of any portion of our body to freedom and room be infringed upon, it in self-defence becomes an oppressor by crowding and resting upon the helpless neighbor, thus sowing the seeds of weakness and disease in a soil which might otherwise abound with healthful development and activity.

"Alas! that we boasters of our social, political and religious liberty should imitate our blessed contemporaries, though to a cautious extent.

"I admit it does not seem to be the aim of those in boot rule to render woman entirely helpless, but to mercifully keep them on the rack, cultivating and testing their endurance to the "last." Beyond comprehension is the readiness which people exhibit to bring feet natural and shapely to the false and deformed standard which fashion proclaims beautiful.

"But when the unsightly, distorted, enlarged jointed and 'cornered' mass of sickly flesh and bones must perforce be subjected to a medical treatment and rest, then in the hour of affliction, and no longer able to follow her caprices in the matter of high heels and narrow soles, Dame Fashion is the first to shrink from her devotee. We think if the foot could but give voice to its woe, the lament would be equalled only by that of Cardinal Wolsey when deserted and condemned by the king whom he had so faithfully and at the expense of his conscience, served.

A lady on high heels does not present a more graceful appearance than one on stilts and we cannot understand the perseverance in that which is not only terrible in its effects upon the wearer, but also hurtful to the nerves of the beholder, who is kept in a state of perpetual dread, lest the lady of the high heels lose her equilibrium, and be projected from her pinnacle of her elevation. All condemnation, however, cannot be laid upon the boot makers, for the wearers are directly responsible for a very large amount of the miseries they endure, inasmuch as they select boots too small to wear more than a few moments at a time. If before the selection they paused a moment to consider, they would realize the fact that if the boot be too small it must yield a certain amount; and, after this stretching, the foot does not appear any smaller than it would if the boot had just easily fitted the foot on the start. If this tyrannical rule held sway only over adults, we might hope in time for regeneration in this matter; but no, it overshadows the future; our children are submitted to tortures exceeded only by the devices of the Spanish inquisition."

A Tramp's Ordeal.

A tramp in attempting to steal a ride from this city to Rouse's Point, experienced a trip which was well calculated to make an impression on his memory that will not soon be eradicated. The splendid pair of tigers and zebra which formed a part of the Hippodrome Menagerie, which has spent most of the summer here, were shipped that night for New York by way of Rouse's Point. The tigers were removed from their cage, placed in temporary boxes and put into a box car. The door of the car was left partly open to allow a free circulation of air. The tramp, in looking for a good place to stow himself away, came across this open car and crawled in. After the train started the tigers became uneasy from the rumbling of the cars, having remained in a quiet state here for two months, and tried to get out of the boxes. The tigress succeeded, and as she emerged from her coop the tramp shrunk back into a corner and remained the rest of the trip as rigid as a statue. The tigress, after making an examination of the car, in which she even lapped the face of the tramp, laid down at the open door with her paws hanging out, the rest of the journey. In the morning when Herr Lingal came to look after his pets, he discovered the tigress occupying the same position, and ordered her back into the box, and she obeyed. He then discovered the tramp, who still occupied his crouching position, with his clothes wet through with perspiration, and speechless from his night ride with the tigers. It was a fortunate thing for him that it was the female that got out of the box, for she is as kind and tractable as a kitten, while the male would have killed him before reaching the end of the journey.—*Ogdensburg Jour.*

A Tennessee Story.

A correspondent of the Courier-Journal writes: "Andrew Johnson and Meredith P. Gentry, in 1855, were the opposing candidates for Governor of Tennessee. The leading organ of the Democratic party of the state, at that time, was edited by E. G. Eastman, who possessed the happy faculty of stirring up the bile of political opponents. We make this statement in order that what follows may be fully understood. The contest between the parties was a fierce one, but Johnson triumphed. Gentry bowed gracefully to the will of the people, and retired to his farm in Bedford county. Two enthusiastic friends, Colonel Martin and the Rev. William G. Brownlow, soon paid him a visit. The latter is not wholly unknown to fame. They tarried several days, and when they were about to depart, Gentry, taking down a Bible and a hymn book, said: "I never permit a distinguished divine to visit my house and leave without saying prayers for the family and neighborhood. Brownlow, you must pray." The invitation was accepted, and after a chapter in the Bible was read and a hymn sung, they all got down on their knees. Among the petitions that Brownlow offered up was this one: "May the Lord send a beam of grace upon the heart of Andrew Johnson and his man Eastman." Gentry at once sprang to his feet and exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Stop, Brownlow, stop! If that petition is answered, the plan of salvation will be exhausted and the balance of us will be damned.

☞ A lady occupying a high position at Washington, whose husband was of the government, made a trip to Europe with him. She "doted" on lace, and here was her opportunity. Talking of the acquisitions she would make in this line, he told her she should purchase any reasonable quantity, provided she would not smuggle any. To this she acceded. The gentleman took as part of his wardrobe a dressing gown, for like most of Americans in the privacy of his room he liked to pull off his coat. Several times on the trip he observed the care his wife took of this garment, and was gratified for her anxiety for his comfort. Once, when smoking, while lighting his cigar, he set his gown on fire and quite a hole was burned in the skirt. His wife was considerably agitated, and he was flattered that so trifling a danger to him had so moved her. One morning immediately after their return to this country he found before he reached his office that keys he needed he had left at home and retraced his steps to get them. Letting himself in with his latch key he proceeded to his chamber, and opening the door found his wife on her knees on the floor, his dressing gown divested of its lining and spread before her, and she, scissors in hand disengaging from it a white, flimsy fabric with which it was covered. She sprang up on seeing him, laughed, and exclaimed, "You are the smuggler". You wore that lace all over Europe and brought it home."—*Cincinnati Times.*

☞ After shaking hands at the ferry dock the other day one colored man inquired of another:

"Didn't you marry de widow Jones, about de first of Jinury?"

"Dat's me, I did," was the answer, "but I've dun left her."

"Who! how's dat?"

"Well, de first week she called me 'honey;' de next week she sulked around and called me 'ole Richards;' de third week she cum for me wid a flat-iron and broke two ribs, and I'm gwine to keep right away from dar!"

☞ Not long ago, at a mansion on Murray Hill, a sentimental young lady strolled with a gentleman, on whom she had her eye, into the conservatory. Looking up pensively into his face, she said, with tears in her voice, "Ah, no one loves me, Mr. Barnes!" "Some one does!" "Yes?" said the lady dropping her head and pressing his arm ever so little. "Yes, Miss Nellie," said the wretch, "God loves you,"—*Baltimore Bulletin.*

☞ A surgeon, after a battle was going his rounds examining his patients. He came at length to a sergeant who had been struck by a bullet directly over the heart. The doctor, surprised at the narrow escape of the man, exclaimed, 'Why, my man, where could your heart have been?' 'It must have been in my mouth just then, doctor,' replied the poor fellow, with a faint smile.

Young Folks' Column.

Evening Song for Children.

BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

Close, little weary eyes,
  The day at last is over,
To-night no more surprise
  Shall they discover.
Nor bird nor butterfly;
  Nor unfamiliar flower;
Nor picture in the sky,
  Nor fairy in the bower!

Rest, little weary feet,
  The woods are dark and lonely;
The little birds rest sweet,
  The owl is watching only;
No buttercup is seen,
  Nor daisy in the meadow,
Their gold and white and green.
  Are turned to purple shadow!

Fold, little busy hands,
  Day is the time for doing;
The boats lie on the sands,
  The mill-wheels are not going.
Within the darksome mine
  Are hushed the spade and hammer;
The cattle rest supine,
  The cock witholds his clamor.

Still, little restless heart,
  Be still until the morrow;
Till then thou hast no part
  In either joy or sorrow.
To new and joyous day,
  Shall little birds awake thee;
Again to work and play,
  With strength renewed, betake thee!
    [*Good Words.*

The Poor Hunchback and his Secret.

High up on the brown, shaggy mountain side, there stands an old stone cross, cracked, lichened, mossed, and sinking one end into the ground; and beneath the cross there bubbles a clear, holy well, to which few go now, except the sheep that crop the rich green grass that springs around its brink. Beside the well, sat a little boy, and, as he looked into the crystal water, his tears dimpled it like rain.

"It only tells me what I knew before," said the disappointed little fellow, with a sigh.

The little boy was weeping because he was a hunchback. His big, sad eyes, melted the heart like minor melodies, but there was nothing else beautiful in his stunted, distorted, feeble frame. His mother lavished fondness on him at times; but at other times there was a look in her eyes which it was hard to bear—the mortifying pity of crushed hope. His father looked upon him as if he wished he had never been born. His sisters were kind to him after a fashion, but their proud love was reserved for his beautiful younger brother, who patronized and promised to protect him with half-contemptuous compassion. Outside his own family, the little hunchback was either ignored or coarsely pitied or made the but of most cruel ridicule, and the victim of downright brutality. He felt very lonely, in a world which he loved because it was so full of beauty—among so many people, whom he longed to love, if they would only let him.

He had heard the old tales that were told of the curing powers of the deserted holy well. It bubbled up as brightly as it ever bubbled; why should it not be as good a doctor as it had ever been? He determined to try it. Fearing to be laughed at, he kept his determination to himself, and started without telling any one, for the mountain side.

As he passed through the village street he was jeered at and pelted by the village children; a good-hearted woman rushed out from her wash-tub, with brawny, bare, soapsuddy arms, and drove off his young tormentors by sounding boxes on the ear, and breath-taking thumps on the back, and by teeth-chattering shakings by the collar. The little boy was grateful to his protectress, but he thought it hard he should need protection; and when she said, "Poor little boy, it is not his fault that he is such an object," her pity made him feel sore.

But he left the village behind him, and got out into the sunny country beyond, where he met no one to twit him with his ugliness, and the pain of his poor little smarting heart was lulled. It was a glorious day in June. The trees were out in full leaf, but the the leaves had not yet lost their fresh, May green. All along the lanes, dog roses put forth their straggling sprays, and littered the ground with their shell-like petals. Larks sang overhead, golden-banded white bees went booming about, lilac-colored butterflies fluttered hither and thither, the bells of a distant church were chiming merrily; in a meadow down below, too far off for him to fear teasing from them—haymakers were singing and laughing.

"In this beautiful, happy world," thought the little boy, "how is it that I am so ugly and sad?"

He toiled up to the holy well; the black-faced sheep that had been drinking its clear water and cropping its slush grass, scampered off; and kneeling down, he curved his hand into a cup, and dipped into the well. Thrice, according to the old custom, he drank of the holy water, thrice he sprinkled it over his head; but he became no stronger, no handsomer.

"It only tells me what I knew before," said the little boy, as he sat looking into the liquid mirror. "Everything is beautiful but me," he murmured. "No, there's an ugly thing," he added, "as hump-backed as I am. What is it? It looks like a bit of dried stick, and yet it seems to be alive. It's moving.

As he spoke, the hump-backed bit of stick cracked, and there came forth a beautiful butterfly, which soon spread its wings of orange-tipped white, and flew off to the hawthorn bush hard by.

The little boy, stretching himself on the sunny grass, watched, for a long time, the beautiful insect fluttering over the beautiful mass of creamy blossom, flecked with red and green. Presently it flew of and began to flutter around him. It alighted on his ear and then whispered something to him; and then butterfly and hawthorn bush—nay, more, the very mountain itself—vanished. But, after having been spoken to by a butterfly, the little boy could be astonished by nothing.

He was no longer a little boy but a man. He was still a hunchback, but he had ceased to be sorry for that. When people, as was still sometimes the case, slighted or insulted him, "Ah, if they only knew—but that's a secret."

Two brothers were going to fight, but the hunchback ran between them, and, being ashamed to strike such as he, they ceased from their quarrel long enough to cool, and finally shook hands over the hunchback's head.

In a bare room, an almost blind old woman lay alone, bedridden. Every one belonging to her was dead. She was a peevish old woman, interesting in no way, and in the wide world there was not a soul to care whether she lived or died, until the hunchback found her out. He brought her food, and physic, and clothes; he brought her coals, he brought her cooling fruit. He sat with her, reading and talking. Sometimes the ugly ungrateful old woman snapped at him for being kind to her.

One of the most cruel of his village tormentors, grown up like himself, was almost ruined—would be completely ruined if he had to pay immediately a sum of money he owed the hunchback. "Ask him to have mercy on you, and give you a little grace," said the man's wife. "It's of no use," the man answered moodily; "I never had any mercy on him, and, of course, he'll take it out of me now."

"Then I'll go and ask him," cried the wife; and when she told him of his old tormentor's troubles, the hunchback freely forgave him all. The man professed to be very grateful, but afterward he spread a report that the hunchback had only given up his claim because he knew that he had been a cheat in pretending to have one. Again the hunchback forgave the man all.

A great plague raged in the village. In almost every farm, and cottage there were some persons down with it. Almost all not smitten with it, had fled in their selfish terror. There was no one to bury the dead. Scarcely was any one left to comfort the dying, and to cherish and rescue such of the sick as might be saved, except the hunchback. Ugly as he was, he went from house to house like a sunbeam, the only ray of hope to the poor creatures with whom he sat up night and day.

But his turn came to be stricken down. His eyes were sealed, his limbs frozen; and then his face was transfigured, and the hump expanded into snowy wings, on which he fled away to rest. The secret was out. "We had always said he was an angel, and that his wings were packed away in the hump," exclaimed the sufferers who watched his flight. But when his eyes opened, he saw again the orange-tip butterfly and the hawthorn bush. He was again a little feeble, ugly, boy, lying on the warm grass beside the holy well.

Somehow, however, as he walked down through the heather, thinking over his strange experience, he felt that his pilgrimage to the well had not been made in vain.—*Christian Standard.*

☞ A little girl lately fell ill. "Papa," said the little miss, "can you tell me what is the trouble?" "Measles, my dear." "O, yes," replied the little victim, "it must be the measles; for I got them, yesterday, in my spelling lesson at school."

☞ When Arthur was a very small boy, his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said, solemnly, "Mother has tended to me."

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SALEM, May 8, 1875.
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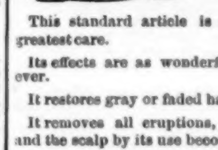

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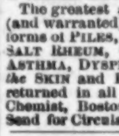

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